WATSON'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XVIII: No. 2 DECEMBER, 1913 Price 10 Cents

THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

LEADING ARTICLES IN THIS NUMBER

By THE EDITOR:
Additional Open Letters to Cardinal Gibbons.
Continuation of the History of Popes and the Papacy.
Why Is Watson Being Persecuted? Is Liberty of the Press in the Way of Rome?
Editorial Notes.
Miscellaneous.
Book Reviews.

By HON. GROVER C. EDMONDSON:
What Will Georgia's Legislature Do For the School Children?

By W. W. BALLEW:
Lights and Shadows of Mexican Politics.

By ALICE LOUISE LYTLE:
More About Children and Books.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
THOMSON, GEORGIA

GREAT REDUCTIONS in PRICES of BOOKS

BARGAINS THAT WILL NOT COME YOUR WAY AGAIN

We know that times are hard and that money is scarce. ¶ During the next three months we offer you our standard books at the lowest bargain prices. ¶ When our present stock is exhausted, no more can be printed at the same figures.

Order now if you want the following:

THE STORY OF FRANCE.—In two volumes. Mr. Watson's Masterpiece. The Standard History of France; chosen by the French Scholars as such. Postpaid. $5.00

NAPOLEON.—Regarded by Critics and Scholars as one of the best Histories of the Man of Destiny. Postpaid $2.00

NAPOLEON'S LAST CAMPAIGN, AND THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—Paper, handsome volume on fine quality of paper 75c

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES AND STUDIES OF—Julius Cæsar; Augustus Cæsar; the Gracchi; Marius and Sylla; the great White-Slave Leader, Spartacus; the African Prince, Jugurtha; the historic, melodramatic love-story of Marcy Antony and Cleopatra; the assassination and funeral of Cæsar. Published under the title of ROMAN SKETCHES 25c

A BRIEF, BUT THOROUGH ANSWER TO THE SOCIALIST ARGUMENT. Price 06c

AN EXHAUSTIVE EXAMINATION OF AND REPLY TO "CAPITAL"—The great Socialist book of Karl Marx, and to Herr Bebel's book on "Woman." Published under the title of SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM 30c

AN UP-TO-DATE ENCYCLOPEDIA of Political, Economic and Industrial Information, history of class-legislation, Wall Street Finance, Political Platforms, etc., which we publish under the name, "HANDBOOK OF POLITICS AND ECONOMICS." Price 50c

A BOOK OF SKETCHES.—Historical, Biographical, Personal. Richly illustrated—cloth bound. Postpaid ..$1.00

TABLE OF CONTENTS: Random Reminiscences of Toombs and Stephens; The Wise Man and the Silly King; A Gross Insult to the Scotch; Robert Toombs: a Life Sketch, Some Anecdotes and His Last Public Speech; The Glory That Was Greece; Edgar A. Poe; Wit and Humor: The Egyptian Sphinx and the Negro; The Passing of Lucy and Rollo; Concerning Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War; The Struggle of Church Against State in France; With Brisbane at Delmonico's; The Roman Catholic Hierarchy and Politics; The Oddities of the Great; Pages Lost From a Book; Tolstoy and the Land; The Stewardship; The Reign of the Technicality; Concerning Money; A Bitter Attack Upon the South; "Take the Children"; "Where Am I At?"; The Man and the Land; Is the Study of Latin and Greek Necessary to the Practical Lawyer?; As to Orators and Oratory; Socialism and One of Its Great Books; Common Sense Education; Some Aftermath of the Civil War (Stephens, Toombs, Ben Hill, the Ku Klux Klan, the Colquitt Campaign of 1880, Etc.); Teasing a Single Taxer; Paper Money and John Law; The Dartmouth College Decision; Thos. E. Watson's Tribute to the Late Sam Jones on His Fiftieth Birthday; Our American Judicial Oligarchy.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.—Printed on splendid paper—richly illustrated. Shows evolution of Roman Catholicism from Paganism to Political Power of later days. Postpaid ..$1.00

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON.—Vitally interesting—historically valuable. Illustrated—beautifully printed. Postpaid ..... Paper, $1.00
Cloth, ... $1.50

LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.—Contains a vast amount of history not found in the other books. Illustrated. Postpaid.... Paper, $1.00
Cloth, ... $1.50

PROSE MISCELLANIES.—A collection of essays and prose poems, the cream of Thos. E. Watson's shorter works. Illustrated. Second edition. Postpaid $1.00

BETHANY.—A love story of the Civil War days, founded on fact, containing interesting historical data; pen picture of "the Old South." Postpaid.. 75c

THE EXTRAVAGANT AND IMPRACTICABLE METHODS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS EXPOSED. Postpaid..... 30c

A TARIFF PRIMER.—A clear, condensed explanation of the tariff system in the United States. Postpaid 25c

LIFE AND SPEECHES OF THOS. E. WATSON. Postpaid 50c

Other Books For Sale By

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

MARIA MONK.—Disclosures of the frightful immorality and crime in the Roman Catholic Convents. Postpaid ... 50c

WHY PRIESTS SHOULD WED.—By Justin D. Fulton.—A book written to save women and girls. Postpaid 75c

Watson's Magazine

Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1911, at the Post Office at Thomson, Georgia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR TEN CENTS PER COPY

Vol. XVIII, No. 2 DECEMBER Price 10 Cents

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—Can the Leopard Change Its Spots?

SERIALS AND EDITORIALS—Thos. E. Watson:

WHY IS WATSON BEING PERSECUTED BY THE ROMAN CATHOLICS? IS LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN THE WAY OF ROME? 57

ADDITIONAL LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS 66

HISTORY OF THE POPES AND PAPACY 71

EDITORIAL NOTES 88

MISCELLANEOUS 103

WHAT WILL GEORGIA'S LEGISLATURE DO FOR HER SCHOOL CHILDREN ..... *Grover C. Edmondson* 75

THE CRACKER—A Poem ..... *Ralph M. Thomson* 77

"LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF MEXICAN POLITICS" ..... *W. W. Ballew* 78

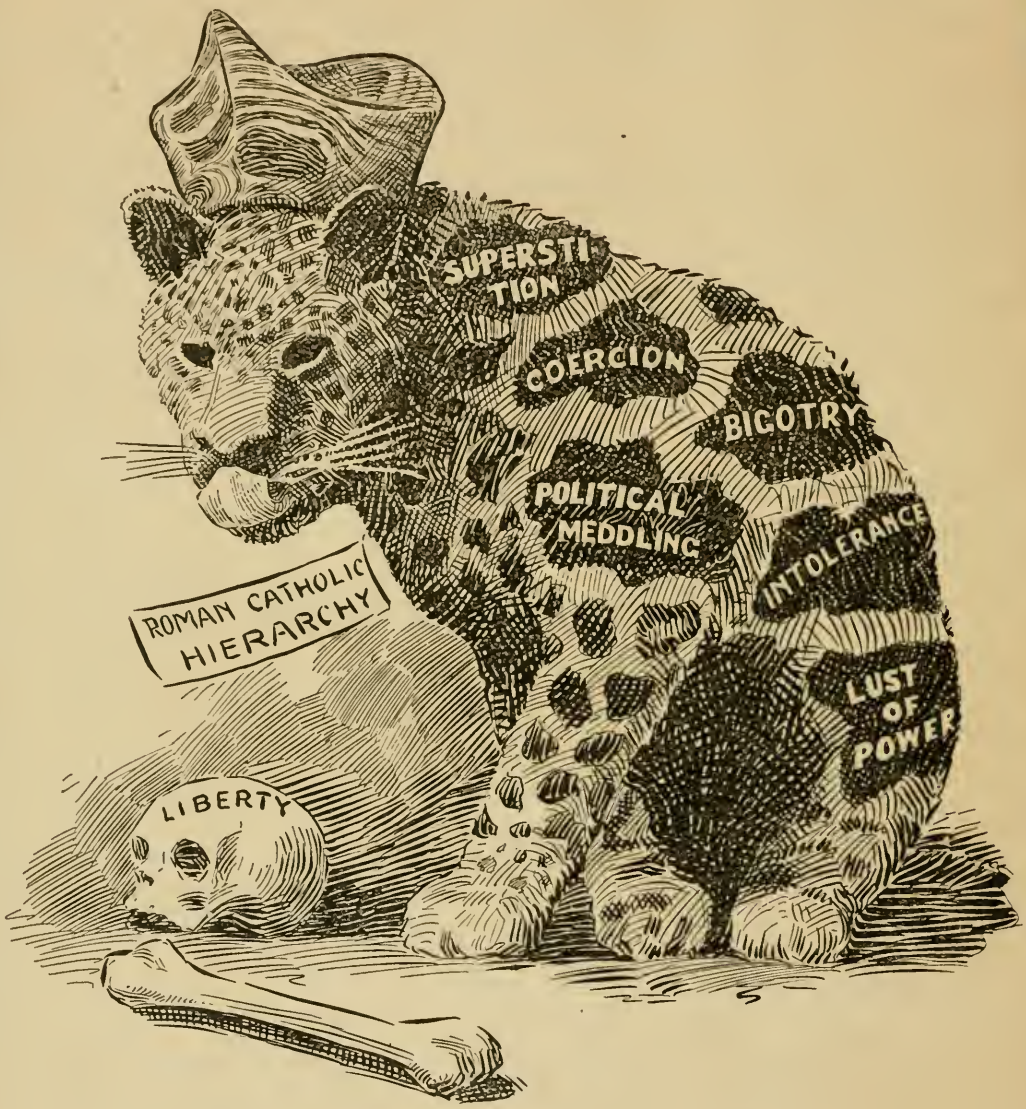
TEMPTATION—A Poem ..... *Albert Cooper* 83

MORE ABOUT CHILDREN AND BOOKS ..... *Alice Louise Lytle* 84

CHRISTMAS PRAYER ..... *John Joseph Scott* 87

WHO KILLED HIM? ..... *Headon Hill* 95

Published Monthly by JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.



Can the Leopard Change Its Spots ?

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Why Is Watson Being Persecuted By the Roman Catholics? Is Liberty of the Press in the Way of Rome?

SECTION 211 of the Supplement to the Revised Statutes of the United States is quite lengthy and comprehensive. It seems to aim at punishing all those who, by obscene books, pictures, unlawful drugs, and illegal practises inflame sexual passions, encourage immorality, prevent conception and produce abortion. This whole subject and territory is covered by that one paragraph, and lawyers will agree that the entire statute should be construed together.

Therefore, when Anthony Comstock, of New York, at the instigation of Anthony Matre of St. Louis, caused the arrest of Thos. E. Watson under that law, the defendant was classed with the despicable creatures who prostitute their time and talent, to the production of erotic literature, who deliberately plan to corrupt pure girls and innocent boys, who administer drugs which prevent the natural consequences of sexual indulgence, and who use instruments and medicines to destroy the effect of maternal conception.

If Mr. Watson did not feel justly indignant at being herded on the criminal side of a court, with such vile miscreants as those contemplated by Section 211, he would be very much below, or very much above, the ordinary range of human feelings.

Usually, the defendant in such a case is a publisher whose place of business cannot easily be found, or an author whose name is hidden under a *nom de plume*, or a doctor who would not dare to show his face among the reputable practitioners of his honorable profession.

The books, the pictures, the drugs, the instruments aimed at by Congress in that law, are generally slipped from hand to hand, on the sly; or sent through the mails under false names—like counterfeit money.

When the offender in such cases finally overdoes it, and comes to grief, he is found to be a wretch that all men despise—a creature that lived for no other purpose than to prey upon the weak, the ignorant, the erring, or upon those whose habit it was to prowl about seeking victims for their morbid lusts.

In making such a law, Congress did well. Every State in the Union has laws along the same line. In every city of the world, the guardians of the innocent have to be on the watch against the sharks.

But was there no outrage committed upon Watson when he was classed with criminals of that stripe? Have his relatives, his friends, his fellow-citizens no cause to feel incensed?

He is 57 years old, and lives within sight of the spot where he was born. His home is on land that belonged to

the original Quaker colony of 1754, which settled and civilized this region —his lineal ancestors, and namesake having been one of those original settlers.

The family name appears on the roll of honor in the Old Country, in England and in Scotland: men of that name have been soldiers, scholars, scientists, clergymen, for hundreds of years. They have served with fidelity, with courage, with patriotism in all the fields of duty and endeavor: they have been teachers in England's schools, expounders in England's pulpits, admirals in her navy, commanders in her army, writers among those who made her literature.

In this country, the same family has made the same respectable record. When workers were needed in times of peace, they have been workers. When fighters were needed in time of war, they have been fighters. The Indian wars, the Revolutionary war, the war of 1812, the Mexican war, the Civil war, did not call in vain for soldiers that bore the name.

Let me hope that this brief reference to ancestry will not offend good taste, but will incline the reader to believe that one who honors his forbears is not the less fitted to be, himself a good citizen.

Nor will I vex your patience with any reminder of what service Watson has rendered as a legislator, an author, a public speaker, and editor of periodicals. Something to his credit perhaps could be said, but it will have to be said by others, and not here.

Several years ago, he established a publishing house in his home town. Many of his friends joined him in it. Some of these friends had known him intimately from his childhood. He abandoned money-making, gave up a law-practice which yielded a princely income, ceased to deliver lectures for pay; and worked, year after year, on a line that could not possibly be profitable to him in the way of dollars and cents.

The Jeffersonian Publishing Company was well known: it was legally chartered by the State; it was officially recognized by the Federal Government: it complied with all the rules and regulations; it was o. k'd. and complimented by every Inspector who ever overhauled it.

Every Saturday night, its pay-roll enabled its employees to spend at least a couple of hundred dollars in the town of Thomson. Its head men rented houses here, and became citizens whom our people were glad to have among us. Some of our men liked the local girls so well, that they married here, and now have families. Many of our young people have found steady work, at good wages in our plant. We have increased the revenues of our merchants, our depot, our post-office. We have added considerably to the tax revenue of our State and county. If we have done any harm to a single human creature, I am not aware of it.

We have not even tried to rob our employees. They work eight hours a day, and no more. Although it is a country town, our shop follows the union scale, and sometimes goes above it.

The Editor, it is true, works all the time, and is never paid; but that's his own affair.

The State of Georgia has a full panoply of laws against lewd and obscene printings, publishings and practices: the State has never lifted a hand against us.

The Post-office Department has a full armory of rules and regulations against the improper use of the mails. Not a hint has ever come to us from the Department that we were violating any law.

On the contrary, when the Knights of Columbus sent a committee to the

Post-Master General, demanding that the Watson Magazine be excluded from the mails, he refused to yield to their insolent demand.

It was after this that the Secretary of the Federated Treason Societies of the Pope met in solemn conclave and determined that they would "put Watson out of business."

Anthony Matre, of St. Louis, is the Secretary of the Federated Treason Societies, and it was Anthony who began the process which was to "put Watson out of business."

This Italian, who probably speaks English, prepared letters of a bulldozing character which he mailed to every advertiser who was patronizing the Watson Magazine. In most cases, these letters had the desired effect. The advertisers feared the boycott of the local priests, and withdrew the patronage of which the Italian complained. The Italian was righteously gladdened by the success of *his illegal use of the mails;* and he exultantly published a list of those Americans who had deserted a fellow American, because the Italian hated Watson.

Following up his purpose to "put Watson out of business," this Anthony Matre and his Federated Treason Societies caused the American News Company to boycott the Magazine. At one blow, our news-stand circulation of about 8,000 copies was destroyed.

To accomplish this holy purpose, the Italian had to *again* use our mails illegally.

But it must have surprised Matre when he discovered that Watson had defied the American News Company, and virtually told those cowardly boot-licks of the Pope *to go to h—l!*

The Magazine wasn't dead, showed no re-assuring symptoms of dying, and, if anything, was putting more guns into its anti-papal battery. This was something new, in the experience of papal boycott and persecution.

The treason-squad had always found it *so* easy to reduce to pulp such editors as those who run the St. Louis papers, the Baltimore papers, the Philadelphia papers, the Chicago papers, the Washington papers, and the New York papers, that the scornful and belligerent defiance and contempt they received from little old Georgia, angered them all the way down and through and around.

Consequently, they "got a line on" Anthony Comstock—lineal descendant of Saint Anthony, and very much like him in what the French would call his *tout en semble.*

Saint Anthony—the Comstock person—lives in a town where the "September Morn" is about the chastest picture you can find. "September Morn" is a young lady who forgot her fig leaf, when she started out to find her Adam.

New York is also the town where Mr. William Randolph Hearst publishes Sunday supplements, illustrated with pictures which mantle the cheeks of brass monkeys.

New York is also the town where you can visit theatres where the acresses show you anything on earth that you have a curiosity to see. And the language which these actresses use, and the dances they dance, and the postures they assume, would cause a Hottentot to hide in the undergrowth, unless he were a *very* lascivious beast, indeed.

As to the books printed in New York and mailed out from there, words fail me. Saint Anthony lives there in the midst of it all, but his virtue shields him from knowledge. He has never seen the pictures which reproduce the carvings that are in the caves of Elephanta. He has never seen the pictures which photograph the scenes that are on the excavated houses of Pompeii.

Had Anthony Comstock's virtue permitted him to seek knowledge, I am sure that he would long since have prosecuted the Romanist priests for

the obscene images and paintings which adorn the Roman Catholic churches.

The virtuous Comstock happens to be a Post-office inspector of the United States. Hence, he does not inspect mails in New York, *where he lives*, holds office, and draws his honest wages. His roving disposition caused him to overlook *New York*, and to seek out *Thomson!*

He was never a subscriber to Watson's Magazine. He has probably never read one of Watson's books. He perhaps never saw the inside of Watson's Magazine, until the virginal priests fetched him a sample.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Georgian has been publishing the Magazine for several years, the priests could find only *one part of one copy*, that Anthony judged to be unlawful. That part was in Latin, and was borrowed from another book which has been going through the mails ever since 1880.

The book from which the Latin quotation was taken is published in New York, mailed out from New York, and was mailed to Watson from New York. It goes out through the mails, every year, perhaps every day; and has been doing so ever since it was copyrighted by the United States Government. The Truth Seeker Company, 66 Vesey Street, New York, advertises it constantly and sells it regularly, and sends it through the mails, without secrecy and without molestation.

The author, Charles Chiniquy, ex-priest, sold it as long as he lived, and was never arrested for it. I venture to say that hundreds of thousands of copies have gone through the mails. But when I used one short chapter of it, not even translating the Latin quotation, I was arrested and indicted *for a felony!*

Chiniquy himself quoted the Latin passages from those Roman Catholic books which are used as standard authorities in teaching young priests. They instruct the student as to the questions which he *must* ask women in the secrecy of the confessional.

Those questions *are* obscene, vilely obscene!

The church which orders its priests to degrade womanhood with such hideously nasty questions, ought to be swept off the face of God's earth.

And the priest who defiles a girl, or a wife with such unspeakably filthy questions, ought to be tarred and feathered, and driven from among decent, self-respecting husbands, fathers and brothers.

No man ought to allow any other man to ask his wife, his daughter, or his sister such lewd, nasty questions.

No priest has the right to disrobe a woman with vile questions, any more than he has to strip her naked of her clothes when she goes to "confess."

Let her "confess," in secrecy, if she wants to; but, for God's sake, *don't make her submit to the slime and filth and moral ordure of THOSE DEVILISH QUESTIONS!*

They were invented for the sole purpose of giving bachelor priests the supreme control of the woman—her soul, her mind, her body.

Thus, *for having quoted a quotation*, Watson was arrested and indicted.

For having re-published what the priests themselves had published, Watson was arraigned before the world, as a felon, a purveyor of obscene literature!

In the press dispatches which were scattered broadcast over the land, there was no intimation that he was being persecuted for telling the world a truth which was not known save to a few, but which was immensely important to the many. The casual reader of those dispatches could not have guessed that Watson had done no more than use an extract from a book which was in constant use among the Roman

Catholic priests—a book which had been printed before his grandfather was born.

The casual reader of the item which went the rounds of the newspapers was warranted in believing that Watson was the publisher of obscene literature, had been caught red-handed by the Government, and was being prosecuted for a sordid crime involving moral turpitude.

Not a line, not a word, in those press dispatches put the world on notice that the Roman Catholic priests were trying to ruin, disgrace and penalize Watson for uncovering the prostitution of the confessional—the exposure consisting of a quotation from their books of authorized questions which are diabolically designed to rob a virtuous woman of her modesty, her self-respect and her chastity.

That the Roman Catholic confessional, debauched by those lascivious questions, is the sink of perdition, which Watson claimed it to be, has been asserted, again and again, by Roman Catholic nuns and priests. No man of sense can read those questions without being absolutely convinced that they had their foul birth, not in religion, but in morbid curiosity and lust. No man can imagine a woman who could maintain her self-respect, after being compelled to act as sewer-pipe for a bachelor priest's accumulated garbage.

And it is a queer thing that Anthony Comstock, himself, officially sanctioned the publication of a book which goes infinitely farther into this labyrinth of popish prostitution, than Watson has ever gone! The Rev. Justin D. Fulton, of New York, submitted his work to the inspection of Saint Anthony, and obtained his o. k. before publishing. The volume is called, "*WHY PRIESTS SHOULD WED.*"

The name of the book indicates its scope. Why should anybody marry? Answer *that*, and then you will know why priests should wed.

In Fuller's great and courageous work, he asserts that Pope Pius IX, in 1866, authorized a new order within the church, to which nuns and priests were both admitted. The purpose was, to sanction a sacred substitute for marriage. The nuns of that order act as the wives of the priests of the order, omitting the marriage ceremony. Dr. Fulton explained at length the institution and the modus operandi of this new wheel-within-the-wheel. His explanation leaves nothing to the imagination, excepting what the older lawyers used to call the *rem in re.*

Dr. Fulton went so far as to describe the manner in which the priests, immediately after service, gave notice to the "wives," as to which one of them he would expect to report for duty in the priest's house. The sign was given by moving a certain peg into a certain hole. (See, "Why Priests Should Wed," page 97, and following.)

If one tenth of what Dr. Fulton says in his book is true, then I haven't one-tenth enough vigor to denounce this particular form of sanctimonious prostitution.

And what Dr. Fulton says *must* be true, or Anthony Comstock who passed on the manuscript, and gave it his written approval, before Dr. Fulton's publishers dared to let it go to press, would never have allowed his saintly name to appear in the Introduction as one of the sponsors!

Nor would he, the said Comstock, have written Dr. Fulton the letter of endorsement and encouragement, which appears in Fulton's book.

It is assuredly strange that Anthony Comstock should, in 1887, have sanctioned the purpose of Dr. Fulton in exposing the fearful degredation to which the priests subject the "Sisters" in that unspeakably vile "Substitute for Marriage"—and then lend himself,

in 1912, to a priestly prosecution of Watson, *when Watson drew so much of his inspiration and purpose from Dr. Fulton's terrible exposure.*

It was partly Comstock's authority and Fulton's example that led Watson to believe he would be advancing the interests of morality and religion, were he to strike a few blows where Comstock had encouraged Fulton to strike so many.

In the 26th Chapter of St. Augustine's "City of God," book 14, there is a passage in which the old gentleman explains how Adam and Eve, had they not ate the apple, could have propagated the human species, without having the same appetite for that kind of thing that they had for the apple.

The passage is a rare one. The explanation is unique. One cannot help regret that the experiment was never tried. I would quote the passage for you, were I not afraid of being again arrested for sending Roman Catholic literature through the mails. By painful and costly experience, I have learned that one cannot be too cautious in quoting from standard books of the Pope's church. They seem to be the only books that must go the whole hog, or none. So long as you mail the entire book, you are a gentleman and a scholar: the moment you mail an extract, you are a filthy felon!

St. Augustine's "City of God," being a two-volume work, and much too long to insert in full at this point, I must forbear from quoting the ingenious passage in which he tells good Roman Catholics how they might have got here by a different method, had their original parents been less fond of forbidden pippins.

(Incidentlly, you are asked to notice whether or not *a malicious discrimination* has been practised against Watson.)

* * * * *

In his *Areopagitica*, John Milton exhausts the subject of the Freedom of the Press. It is a noble treatise.

Milton first demonstrates that there was no such thing as hampered and shackled writing among the ancients. Whoever chose to publish a poem, a history, an epic, or a tragedy, did so. If the work was found to violate any law against blasphemy, or to libel somebody, there was legal redress against the author.

But a Carthaginian Council of the Roman church, 400 *years after Christ*, forbade the bishops to read the books of the Gentiles. (The unconverted.)

Pope Martin V. prohibited the books of non-Catholics, and excommunicated all heretical publications, confining the devout to the childish fables of the monks, and the incoherent jargon of theologians. Then came Pope Leo X. and the Council of Trent, re-inforced by the Inquisition, which "raked through the entrails of many an old good author with a violation worse than any could be offered his tomb."

At that period, every author had to carry his manuscript to an official (a priest) and secure his permission before he could publish any book whatsoever.

Milton quotes a few of these official permits which opened the doorway to the trembling scholar in whom a book had been conceived and who wished to give it birth.

Here is one:

"Let the Chancellor Cini be pleased to see if in this present work be contained anything that may withstand the printing.

(Signed) VINCENT RABBATA,
Vicar of Florence."

"I have seen this present work and find nothing athwart the Catholic faith, &c.

(Signed) NICOLO CINI,
Chancellor of Florence."

"Attending the present relation, it is allowed that this present work of Davanzati may be printed.

(Signed) VINCENT ROBBATA,
Vicar of Florence."

"It may be printed. July 15.

(Signed) FRIAR SIMON,
Chancellor of the Holy Office of Florence."

As Milton himself says, the poor author was sometimes under the necessity of securing the good will of five of these shaven-headed ignoramuses, chock full of bigotry, greed, suspicion and malevolence, before he dared to launch his brain-work upon the doubtful waves of publicity.

No wonder that Cervantes discreetly murmured because the monks had stricken out some of his most diverting passages from Don Quixote. No wonder that Copernicus slipped his manuscript into free Holland to have it printed, and waited in his squalid refuge for the coming of the precious volume, as a mother, dying, would wait for the coming of an only child. The book came, came at last, came in secrecy like a guilty thing, came to the arms of its immortal creator—who then happily breathed his last, with his book clasped in his arms—the most tragic, pitiful picture in literature.

No wonder these papists burnt Virgilius for asserting that the earth is round and that human beings live opposite to us—"at the antipodes."

No wonder they burnt scientists for claiming that there are other worlds than this.

Milton, alluding to his travels in Italy and to the servile condition of learning in that land where Letters had blazed in all their glory, under the "pagan" Empire, says—

"It was there that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought."

As all the world knows, Galileo was a devout Catholic; but he conceived the idea that the earth moved, over and over; and this notion was so abhorent to the Pope that the philosopher was seized, imprisoned, tortured, and so maltreated that he was a pitiable old remnant of a man when the beautiful, black-haired, black-eyed, young English scholar, John Milton paid him the visit briefly touched upon in the *Areopagitica.*

The "pagan" Emperors of Rome had often been men of culture, graduates of the schools, curious investigators of the lore of lost centuries and peoples. One of them had rivalled Cicero as an orator, Hannibal as a warrior, Solon as a law-giver; Socrates as a philosopher. His "Commentaries" is yet a classic in our schools.

Another had been a traveller who had walked through every Province of his realm, opening academies, rebuilding decayed cities, encouraging commerce, patronizing the arts, humanizing the machinery of imperial government. His name yet clings to the city which the Turks lost in the late Balkan war, and then reconquered, when the Christians once more discovered that they hated each other more rancorously than they hated the Turk.

Another is known to us by his "Meditations;" and after we read the sane, profound thoughts of Marcus Aurelius, and then turn to the books of Saint Augustine, we have the weird sensation that comes over us when we leave the sunny walks of actual life and enter a madhouse where lunatics grin and jabber.

Upon one of the seven hills of old Rome the Emperors had collected a vast library, from all parts of the known world. Manuscripts of every kind, in every tongue, the embalmed thought of ages, the lost facts of remote history, the fading footsteps of

extinct peoples,—all was there in that huge, invaluable imperial library.

Rome fell to the bishops; and one of these holy prelates, Gregory VII., put a torch to that treasure-house of mental achievement, and, in a few hours, reduced to ashes the literature over whose loss Cæsar might have mingled his tears with those of Solomon.

No deadlier blow was ever struck at learning, at wisdom, at civilization; and the few relics of ancient lore that escaped the relentless hatred of the Popes, tantalize us by their excellence, and the realization of what was destroyed.

The accumulated literature of antiquity burned, the popes had the schools closed: Athens, the home of polite culture, became its tomb: an imperial edict condemned the mathematicians: and Gregory "the Great" exulted in the proverb—

"Ignorance is the mother of devotion."

Then it was that the paganism of the bishops of Rome spread bat-like wings over the whole European world, and for a thousand years men crept about in gloom, too terrified to think.

And at the very time when shaveling monks had degraded the human race by superstition and fear, the sun was shining all over the East, as radiantly as ever, where unshackled mankind was developing that glorious civilization whose melancholy ruins now amaze the traveller from the West.

* * * * * *

Men fought, suffered and died that thought and expression might *again* be free.

The story of that struggle is too long to be told here. Modern civilization had its birth in that titanic death-grapple of the Pope and the Free Press.

On the side of the Pope was the King and the Feudal lord: on the side of the Free Press was the God-given instinct for freedom, freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of action, freedom of worship.

It was the old fight of the unprivileged Many, against the usurping Few.

The people won; and then the people put out the watch-fires, called the warder from the tower, drew in the sentinels from the outposts, thinking that the implacable foe of humanity would never renew the war.

Some of our wise fore-fathers tried to warn us—how *very* hard they tried to warn us—to be on our guard! They knew that the old Adam and the serpent would come again. They knew that the old foes would have to be fought again.

And they warned us, warned us in their books, warned us in their orations, warned us in their sermons, warned us in their sacred creeds, warned us in the fundamental law of the new Republic—a republic built upon faith in manhood rights, upon the swords that carved its way to Independence, upon the life-blood of the heroes who died that it might be born and might forever bless their children.

Bless their children with what? With freedom of opportunity, with freedom of self-government, with freedom of speech, of conscience, and of press.

* * * * * *

In considering Watson's case at their National Convention, *two years ago*, the Federated Treason Societies of the Pope very plainly proved that they meant to make an example of *him*. Strike him down, and the precedent would have its influence upon others. Silence *him*, and other Americans would grow wise enough to shut their eyes to the determined and systematized encroachments of Rome.

It is not by accident that the hordes of immigrants pouring into this Republic come almost entirely from *Roman Catholic* Europe.

It is not by accident that the Pope's flag has been introduced into the U. S. Army, that the Pope's chapel was built on public ground at our National Military Academy, that the Pope's chaplains are increasing in our army and navy, that the Pope's missionaries are on their way, *again*, to the Philippine Islands, that the Pope's schools draw public money from the national Treasury, that the Pope's servant is Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, that the Pope's servant is Assistant-President of the United States, that the Pope's servant is the Chief Clerk of the Supreme Court of the Republic, *that the Pope's secretly organized traitors, the Knights of Columbus, are armed to the teeth with the best of modern rifles.*

It is not by accident that the Pope is demanding of Congress a law to close the mails to all such Americans as Watson.

The very facts about the confessional which Watson made known in this country, HAVE BEEN SUPPRESSED BY LAW IN GREAT BRITAIN.

They tried to do with Watson what they did do with the Englishman who published the same *priestly filth* which Watson published.

Mind you, *the filth was that of the priests*: Watson did not write a word of it.

Watson would think he deserved to be shot, were he to insult any man's wife and daughter by asking them the vile, polluting questions which the priests use—and have been using in Europe, Asia and America, for the last hundred years. No wonder they have ruined so many homes, so many wives, so many daughters.

* * * * *

I am threatened with another prosecution. A secret order of Popish traitors which claims three million members has officially resolved to put me "out of business."

We will see. There is no organization back of me, and I do not belong to any secret society whatsoever. I stand alone.

But my feet are on the rocks, the eternal rocks, and I would die as my Master died, before I would silently see humanity chained, enslaved, debauched again by this diabolical paganism which sprang up from the putrid carcass of the Roman Empire and went forth to conquer the world.

In the order of nature, there are not many years left for me; but, God being my helper, those years shall be consecrated to as stern a combat against Popery, as John Knox ever waged, as Calvin ever waged, as Luther ever waged.

Alone, I am nothing. Armed with the Truth, and supported by those good men and good women who love it, I am not to be intimidated, not to be crushed, not to be silenced.

On with your prosecution, Sir Pope: the next indictment you get against me will be met, not with a motion to quash, but with a battle-array, all along the line!

Additional Letters to Cardinal Gibbons

CHAPTER I.

THE full sexed man yearns for a mate: the normal woman wants a husband and children.

The little boy makes him a mud-house, and chooses a sweet-heart, long before the age of puberty. Without being conscious of what it is, the boy is borne along by the tendencies of sex. After awhile, his dreams will be voluptuous. The physical contact with girls will sexually excite him. As he grows older, this desire, *and curiosity* becomes stronger. Many boys relieve themselves, unnaturally and injuriously, by masturbation. Others, run after loose girls. Some will exert self-control and find partial relief in nocturnal emissions.

The greater number of full-sexed men either sow wild oats, or marry early. Of course there are very many who become rakes, and never become heads of families. So, there are considerable numbers who are confirmed practisers of onanism.

The girl's first love is a doll; then a play-house. The serious, unwearied pains that a mere tot will take in arranging, adorning and keeping, her doll's play-house, is one of the most pathetic and deep-meaning commonplaces of human life.

As I look back over my own journey, one of the pictures most vividly stamped on my recollection, is that of my two little girls, in the play-house, under the bay-window. The nice and orderly arrangement of its small details, the efforts to make it pleasing to the eye, the placing of pretty bits of China and glassware; the ribbons knotted and festooned here and there; the flowers in the tiny vases; the toy brooms which swept it clean; and then the motherly care and tenderness and pride in the placing of the dolls!

They had their names, these dolls; and they were babies, in terms and endearment, to those two little mothers. The dolls were bathed and dressed and fed and put to sleep with maternal solicitude. Alas! They were sometimes spanked for misbehavior.

They went visiting, these dolls did; and they gave parties which other dolls gaily attended. There were wee plates, and cups, and saucers, and teapots; and the entertainment was a joyous reality, rather than a make-believe, to the tots concerned—those who brought their dolls to the party, or those whose dolls gave it.

Nearly every father will recognize the familiar picture; and every father of girls will agree with me that the first development in girls, *makes for motherhood.*

Happy is the maiden who *goes to her mother*, with all her questions and all her troubles. She will need caution, warning, anxious instruction, constant care. *Nature* is in the warm blood of the girl, and she must not trust her strength too far.

The sneaking, sly inclination of which Robert Burns wrote, is to be dreaded, and it must never be given *opportunity.*

"Lead us not into *temptation!*"

Happy the maiden who knows the danger, and shuns it, giving no opportunity to the tempter.

Why do so many girls go astray? Nature.

Why are there so many women living in vice? Nature.

It has always been so.

The professional courtesan is the protectress of many a pure girl. The

rake, himself, might be *a seducer*, were he not content with the loose women so easy of access.

In Dr. Sanger's History of Prostitution, you will be startled by the statistics which show that such a large per centage of prostitutes live that way, *from inclination.*

The good men and women who devote themselves to Rescue Work, will tell you that the greatest obstacle in their way is, that *the women do not want to be rescued.*

Do we not know what human nature is? Have we not heard and seen enough, *yet?*

The Bible tells us what the carnal man craves, what the unrestrained woman will do. Was it a mere flagrant insult to the womanhood of antiquity when the Law forbade them to have sexual intercourse with four-footed beasts?

Was there never a foundation in fact for the story of Leda and the Swan?

Will we never take to heart *the meaning* of Sodom and Gomorrah?

Christ Himself could not move around among men, teaching and healing, without stumbling upon a couple brutishly copulating—and the woman "taken in the act!"

In all the histories, the story is the same. Assyria was sensual, Egypt was sensual, Babylon was sensual, Greece and Rome were sensual. According to the Catholic, Rabelais, the sexual sin of his times was the wallow of priests and layman, king and peasant. According to the Catholic, Erasmus, the sexual sin of his times was the mire of the monks. According to the Councils of the Catholic church, and the fulminations of Popes, the sexual sin threatened to bring down the very frame-work of society.

In the Middle Ages, and down to comparatively modern times, the sexual passions of men and women were *known* to be so strong, that a curious kind of lock was invented, whereby a husband going upon a journey to distant parts, might lock his wife, until his return.

The lock was ingeniously contrived. It was arranged cunningly upon the woman's body, so as to render her safe from men, and yet free to exercise the necessary functions of nature.

But we are told by the historians that these locked-up ladies, indignant at the jealousy of their lords and at having to wear these cunning locks about their waists, found a method of unlocking the device: thus triumphantly demonstrating the truth of the adage that love laughs at locksmiths.

All of these things we know, or ought to know, for we have had line upon line, and precept upon precept, from the dawn of Creation, *to convince us of the danger, the universality, and the power of the sexual passion.*

We have seen conquerors, like Marc Antony, throw a world away, for a wanton woman. We have seen nations wage war about it. We have seen individuals ruined by it. We have seen nations ruined by it.

We know that it maddens the rapist, strips woman of her decency and make her a nymphomaniac.

It caused the untimely death of Alexander the Great, and well-nigh wrecked Julius Cæsar.

It made a crazy man out of Henry of Navarre, and killed each of the Kings who were the sons of Catherine de Medici. In contributed to the death of Peter the Great. It killed the great general of France, Marshal Saxe. It killed the great general of Russia, Skobeleff. It sapped the vitality of the royal families of Valois, of Bourbon, of Stuart and of Hanover.

It burnt out the vigor of the Mohammedan conquerors, the Mogul Emperors, and the Tartar Khans. *It has made effeminate every nation, and every line of monarchs, that ever ALLOWED NATURE TO HAVE A*

FREE REIN WITH THE ANIMAL PASSIONS.

For, mark this! the *human* kind is the *only* kind that uses sexuality *for pleasure*, only.

The male quadruped has connexion with the female *for the purpose of reproduction.* It is the odor of the female that inflames the male. That odor ceases when she has been impregnated, and the male never teazes her again.

In the animal kingdom, *exclusive of Man*, there is no such thing as immorality. There are no libertines, no rakes, no concubines, no procurers, no places where females of pleasure are kept for the use of males.

There are no brothels among the brutes or the birds: and there are no celibate priests! Animated Nature has no use for a monk, or a nun.

The sexual passions of animals serve no other purpose than that of nature. Males and females copulate to produce more males and females. That is all: pleasure, for pleasures' sake, is unknown to *natural* intercourse of the sexes. The pleasure was meant to be incidental and compensatory—for the act itself is filthy; and to the weaker sex, the consequences are painful.

This much I have written as preliminary to the statement that the Roman Catholic church attempted the unnatural and the impossible, when it undertook to condemn thousands of healthy young people, of both sexes, to perpetual virginity.

Nature never intended it so: Nature will not allow it so: and Nature never will tolerate it. *Nature abhors that, AND THE CHURCH IS NOT STRONGER THAN NATURE.*

From the remotest ages, down to the present time, a certain degree of blame, or of discredit, has afflicted the spinster, the barren wife, and the man who is either incapable of marriage duty, or unwilling to perform it.

This feeling is much weaker in our day than formerly, but traces of it are clearly to be seen. Every girl dreads being called "an old maid." This moral cowardice, resulting from fear of the reproach which cruelly punishes spinsterhood, often drives young women into hurried and unhappy wedlock.

If a married man is known to be impotent, he becomes an object of pity, or of contempt. Even now, the law gives his wife a divorce.

As to the "old bachelor," he is rarely loved: most people regard him as one of three things—a cynic, a roue, or a eunuch. He is considered to have shirked the duties and responsibilities of life. If his excuse is a good one, he is to be pitied: but if he had no valid reason for his flunk, he is treated with more or less disfavor.

In so modern a book as our Bible, we see the odium which fixes itself upon the barren wife. We see in all parts of it the duties of the marital union. We see that the mating of the two sexes was planned from the beginning; and that no other idea than that of sex-union, and the bringing of children into the world can be found in the Scriptures.

In the Old Testament there is no hint of unmarried and unmarriageable monks: none whatever. Nor is there the slightest hint of *nuns.*

In the New Testament, *as we now have it*, there is a reference by Christ to men who are born eunuchs, or men who have caused themselves to be made eunuchs, in order that they might devote themselves wholly to the service of God.

But you may search the Scriptures from cover to cover in the effort to find the text which warrants the belief that men and women, full-sexed, *can* live in perpetual virginity, *and you won't find it!*

No such text is in the Book.

The whole Bible, so far as it bears upon sex, *makes for matrimony and procreation.*

No Jesuitical casuist, no tonsured juggler with truth and facts, can escape *that* proposition.

God Himself instituted marriage and condemned monasticism, when the Garden of Eden was changed from a hermit solitude into a blooming paradise, where Eve was the sweetest blossom that flowered.

If the old story in Genesis is nothing more than Oriental allegory, its deep truthfulness is not the less clear, for *we* know "it is not good that the man should be alone."

To the happily married man, we can say—

Without your wife, you were incomplete: without *you*, your wife was incomplete: mated, you both were complete; and when the children came, your home, be it ever so humble, was Paradise.

The men of old who walked with God, were married men. The patriarchs, the Jewish priests, the inspired prophets, were men who took wives and begot children. Do you, Cardinal Gibbons, agree with the Romanists of Belgium and Spain that the Bible should be tampered with by striking out the words—

"*All the prophets had wives?*"

Paul says, "Marriage is honorable to all."

Should he have excepted the priests? If it were right that he should, how can we account for his omission? If we are to assume that he knew what he meant, and meant what he said, how can we escape the conclusion that marriage *is* honorable to *all?*

And the word "all," will have to include the priests, won't it?

Then if it be honorable, according to Paul for priests to marry, why don't they do the honorable thing, *and marry?*

Christ chose married men for His disciples.

If Peter's wife's mother was sick, as the Bible tells us, then Peter must have been married *before* Christ chose him, or he married *after he was chosen.*

Take either horn of the dilemma, and celibacy is gored.

The Popes who condemn the marriage of Christian priests, CONDEMN PETER, AND CONDEMN JESUS CHRIST, AND CONDEMN THE GOD WHO GAVE EVE TO ADAM!

But Peter was not the only apostle who had a wife. Philip, the evangelist, is said to have had four daughters: therefore he had had at least one wife—unless indeed, we resort to the theory which the modern example of Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, &c., have made so familiar to scandalous chronicles.

But if Philip's four daughters were bastards, like the daughters of modern Popes, they would hardly have been alluded to in the Scriptures.

Paul states that James and Jude, *sons of the Virgin Mary and brothers of Jesus*, were married men.

As a matter of fact, it seems that the New Testament justifies the contention that *Judas Iscariot* was the only member of the original Twelve who did not have a wife!

Judas Iscariot was the first Christian celibate; and the Popes of Rome, when they forbade the priests to marry, *were following THE EXAMPLE OF JUDAS, instead of that of Peter!*

Cardinal Gibbons, what have you to say to *that?*

Any one who will read the instructions which Paul puts in writing for the priests of the Christian Church, will be convinced that *the Apostle took it for granted the greater number of them would be married men.*

His advice and guidance is based upon that assumption.

The wives of the deacons must be women of seemly behavior, grave, sober, considerate of speech—not given to tatling, and undignified levity. Let the deacons avoid polygamy, be content with one wife at a time, govern the children properly, and keep a decent, orderly house.

The wife of the bishop must be *hospitable*, in addition to all other good qualities; and she and the bishop must control their children, setting a good example of *rule* thus enabling the bishop to win more confidence from his church.

So thoroughly does Paul understand that normal men must have wives, even though they serve God in the priesthood, that *he almost commands* the deacon and the bishop to take one wife. Otherwise, Paul would have been talking nonsense when he warned those holy men against taking two or more wives at the same time.

And why did the inspired Paul take so much pains to lay down the rules for the behavior of the bishop's wife and children, if the bishop was not to have a wife and children?

Paul argues that the wisdom learned by the husband and father, in the governing of his family, will be of service to the priest in the governing of his flock in the church.

And yet, after the Christian priests for hundreds of years, had been imitating Peter, imitating the brothers of our Lord, and obeying the precepts of Paul, the ambitious Popes of Rome set up the example of Judas Iscariot, and ordered the priests to imitate the disciple, the celibate traitor who sold his God!

In ancient times, the priests of Maia, the Virgin Mother of one of the incarnations of Buddha, were eunuchs, either born sexless or made so by surgical operation. These monks of Maia shaved the tops of their heads, and were fond of public processions, thus setting examples which the priests of Rome were soon to follow.

The priests of Bacchus were not allowed to marry; but they were free to indulge themselves with women, the Confessional giving them the secrets of the sexually loose votaries, and the opportunities for indulgence.

This Bacchic confessional and sexual license was quickly adopted by the Roman priests, *after* enforced bachelorhood had become the inexorable rule of papal discipline. Let it be kept in mind, constantly, that *the celibacy of the Roman Catholic priests* came before the adoption of *auricular and private confession* by the Roman Catholic church.

See how it was designed:

The priests were denied wives: they were given the secluded confessional: at confession, the women revealed their weaknesses to the bachelor priests—and the privacy of the box itself, as well as the nearness of the sacristy, *offered the opportunity!*

Thus the Confessional and the convent were set up to give the priests *a substitute for marriage.*

History of the Popes and Papacy

(A Continuation of The History of the Papacy and the Popes)

LET us bear in mind that we have now reached a period when the Roman Empire was hastening to its division, and to its fall, as a world-force. Rival aspirants for the imperial purple, played with religion, as a factor in the game of unscrupulous politics.

The old paganisms were dying out: the new religion had the vigor of youth; and as it broadened its dominion, it widened its doors to nearly every rite, every sacred anniversary, and every superstition that the pagans loved.

In doing this, the bishops would have been more, or less, than human, had they not seen and coveted the advantages which accrued to the sacerdotal office from the ancient customs and beliefs.

Growing upon the State, as a lichen upon a rottening tree, the fungus of sacerdotalism flourished, in exact proportion to the decay of the State. As the emperors grew feebler, and the throne more unstable, the never-dying corporation of priests, *who claimed power and wealth as the mouthpieces of God Almighty*, naturally waxed more formidable.

Woe unto those who incur the hatred and arouse the malignity of an order which identifies itself with Jehovah, and which proclaims to mankind that *its* voice is an echo of Mt. Sinai!

The next bishop of Rome was named Siricus. (A. D. 384.)

We are told that he was a native Roman, and that he wished to exclude from the priesthood such Christians as lived "intimately" with their wives. What else did men marry for, if not to live "intimately" with their wives?

We are not informed as to the method by which Siricus satisfied himself upon this delicate and obscure question, but the record represents him as having decreed that men who maintained "intimate connection with their wives" should be turned off with the other goats, so far as priestly office was concerned.

It has always been a puzzle to me to understand how a Roman Catholic married man can convince himself that he is clean enough to go to Heaven, but not clean enough to go into the Priesthood.

To a plain person, like myself, it would seem that what is good enough for God, ought to be good enough for the Pope. If God lets married folks go to Heaven, why should they be unfit for any place whatsoever in the church?

Is the church better than Paradise? Has the Pope got the right to put a stigma of shame on marriage, when God honored it?

If the priesthood were carried to its logical conclusion, wedlock would disappear, men would all turn monks for the glory of God. The angels on high would never again wait at the pearly doors to fold in their arms the infants who blossom into the world, then quickly fade, then pass away, to be seen no more, save in the midnight dreams of grieving parents whose unavailing tears wet the pillow—ah, so many nights!

* * * * * *

Let us quote again from the Roman Catholic historian of the Popes:

"Siricus wished to imitate the Pagans, who regarded, with great veneration, virginal purity; but these latter had recognized it as an axiom, that no man

could preserve it without resorting to extraordinary means; and the hierophants, who were the first ministers of religion among the Athenians, drank hemlock for the purpose of rendering themselves impotent; and as soon as they were elected to the pontificate, they ceased to bear about them the marks of virility.

St. Jerome, in one of his writings, puts the following words into the mouth of a Stoic, named Cheremon, who is describing the life of the ancient priests of Egypt: 'Their priests have no commerce with women from the time they attach themselves to the service of the divinities; in order to quench the flames of unlawful desire, they abstain entirely from flesh and wine, and the ministers of Cybele were all eunuchs.'

Jerome appears to insinuate, that priests and monks who rashly take upon themselves vows of chastity, and engage to guard a virginal purity, should use the infallible process of the pagan ministers, when they discovered that the spirit was too weak to arrest the desires of the flesh.

Soon after the death of Damasus, Jerome was obliged to quit Rome, in order to return to Palestine. His reputation for sanctity had excited the jealousy of many of the clergy; and the freedom with which he had exposed their vices had excited against him the sacredotal hatred.

In a little treatise which he wrote on the mode of preserving virginity, he advises the virgin Eustochia, daughter of St. Paul, 'to avoid the hypocrites who seek the priesthood or the deaconate, for the purpose of freer commerce with women.'

'These bad priests,' he adds, 'wear brilliant rings on their fingers, and walk on their toes; their whole occupation is to learn the names and residences of handsome women, and to inform themselves of their inclinations.

'In order that you may not be deceived by the appearance of a false piety, I will trace the portrait of one of these priests, master of his trade. He rises with the sun; the order of his visits is arranged; he frequents the greatest thoroughfares; he enters even into the chamber where the females sleep; if he sees a pillow-case or a napkin, or some small piece of furniture to his taste, he examines them attentively, and admires their beauty; he feels them, mourns that he has none like them, and steals them rather than not get them.

'Bishops, even, under a pretext of bestowing their benediction, put their hands out to receive money, become the slaves of the females who pay them, and render them, with assiduity, services the most base and unworthy, in order to obtain their inheritance.'

Several prelates, furious at seeing themselves unmasked by the criticisms of St. Jerome, revenged themselves by scandalizing him. They censured his gait and visage; his simplicity even was suspected, and at length the calumny extended so far as to blacken his character in regard to some women and virgins, to whom he explained assidiously the Holy Scriptures.

The exemplary conduct of Jerome, and his lofty piety, should have served to have placed him above such suspicions; but the people of Rome were prejudiced against monks who came from the East; regarding them, and with reasons ,as impostors, who sought to seduce girls of quality. The holy doctor, obliged to yield to the storm, quitted Italy in order to get away from the chagrin it excited in him, and complained bitterly in his letter to Marcella, of the outrages he had endured in the holy city. 'Read,' said he, 'read the apocalypse; you will see what is there said of that woman clothed in scarlet, who bears upon her forehead the name of blasphemy. Behold the end of that proud city; of a truth it

contains a holy church, where may be seen the trophies of apostles and martyrs, where the name of Christ and His apostolic doctrine are professed; but ambition, pride, and grandeur divert the faithful from true piety.'

History teaches us nothing of consequence in the life and actions of Siricus. It is supposed he died in the year 308.

During his reign the reputation of St. Augustine began to spread through all Christian countries; and the numerous works which he wrote against the Manicheans and the Donatists, caused him to be regarded as one of the pillars of the church. He was then very different from the young Augustin of the school of Tagasta, his country, whom his school-fellows regarded as the most debauched of the students; for we must avow that the first part of the life of the saint was passed in the midst of the greatest disorder, and that his irregularities were such that his mother was obliged to drive him from her house. He had besides, embraced the opinion of Manes in relation to nature worship, and had publicly professed his heresy. At length, tired of his unsettled life, *he married*, and left Africa to settle at Milan. In this city he contracted an intimacy with the venerable Ambrose, who converted him to the Christian religion, and baptized him and his young son Adeodatus. Some years after, on returning to Africa, he was made a priest at Hippo, and afterwards became bishop of that city. *From that time he showed himself to be intolerant and a persecutor, and pursued with the utmost rigour all Christians who held doctrines different from his own.*

Among the numerous works of St. Augustin, his treatise on labor occupies the first place; in it he takes for his motto these words from the Apostle Paul: 'Whosoever is not willing to labor, let him not eat.' They cite also his work on baptism; his work on the City of God, or the defense of the church against the children of the age; his treatise upon the Trinity, in which he establishes the equality of the three divine persons; and finally, his various tracts upon original sin, the soul, grace, free-will, predestination of saints, perseverance, etc. It would be difficult to enumerate the works of this father of the church, for according to the catalogue which Possidius has left to them, their number amounts to more than one thousand and thirty. All these writings were composed in the interval of forty years, which took place between the conversion and the death of St. Augustine."

(History of the Popes of Rome, Louis Marie de Cormenin, Vol. 1, pages 66-67.)

You will note from the above that Augustine, who is to this day a favorite Saint with the Roman Catholic priests, *was a married man.*

Having had a wife with whom he is presumed to have lived "intimately," he spoke with considerable knowledge and experience when he told us, in his "City of God," how Adam and Eve might have "produced mankind without any shameful appetite."

This startling information is given us in the 26th chapter of the 14th book of "The City of God." The headline of the chapter is—"That our first parents in Paradise might have produced mankind without any shameful appetite."

Why did Augustine stigmatize as "shameful" the "appetite" which brought *him* into the world?

Are all the Saints in the Roman Catholic calendar the products of "shameful appetite?"

Is it the peculiar duty and privilege of a priest to cast odium upon the connubial relationship of his own father and mother?

Is it a necessary prerogative of the sacerdotal office to make us feel that

natural loves, desires, and appetites are "shameful?"

Sometimes I marvel that anybody is sane and happy when such a man as Augustine can be venerated for centuries as a second Moses.

This precious book of "Saint" Augustine was written nearly 1500 years ago: an English translation has been edifying the human race ever since the year of our Lord 1610: the copy which I hold in hand as I write was printed by John Grant, of Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1909.

If anybody has ever been arrested, indicted, and shunted toward the penitentiary for selling it, buying it, or mailing it, I am not aware of the fact.

Yet, in the chapter mentioned, the Saint undertakes to explain how the human race might have been increased and perpetuated "without shameful appetite;" and the passage in which he does this, far exceeds in frank, child-like obscenity *anything* that I have ever seen in print!

Nothing in Sir Richard Burton's rendition of the Arabian Nights equals the naked nastiness of that chapter in "Saint" Augustine. Guy De Maupassant, Gustave Flaubert, Emile Zola, Henry Fielding, Tobias Smollett, Dean Swift—none of them are in hailing distance of Saint Augustine.

The late Thomas Carlyle bilged his bile against Louvet's "Chevalier de Faublas, calling that luckless volume "a very *cloaca* of a book"—but the Chevalier would have blushed furiously had he perused C. 26, B. 14, of Saint Augustine.

Let me hope that no vile creature will *ever* tell Anthony Comstock, of New York, or Anthony Matre, of St. Louis, about the "awful" chapter in which their favorite Saint explained how Adam and Eve could have "increased and replenished" without "shameful appetite."

I myself would quote the chapter, as a marvellous example of the working of the Saintly mind, did I not have a vivid recollection of what it cost me to quote a few passages from another Roman Catholic book.

Besides being "taken with a warrant," shanghaied to a preliminary court, tongue-lashed by a District Attorney, bound over to prevent me fleeing the realm, indicted by the casting vote of a Baptist preacher, hauled up before a United States Judge who had to be imported from Louisiana,—besides all this, I had to read, in 40,000 papers, be the same more or less, that I was an obscene person who had been caught, *viet armis*, doing violence to Uncle Sam's virginal mail-bags.

And, all the time, I hadn't done a thing, but quote a little from a Roman Catholic theological work.

WINTER ✣ CHASES ✣ AUTUMN

What Will Georgia's Legislature Do For Her School Children?

Grover C. Edmondson

A MAGAZINE can render the public no greater service than to lend its influence to the movement for cheaper school books for the children of a State. If the young minds of a State are being made the victims of an oppressive Book Trust, the people should know it; if relief can be had and the Legislature refuses to grant it, the people will know it.

It is needless to discuss the reasons why the McCrory Bill, introduced at the last session of the Georgia Legislature failed to pass. Why the Rules Committee, headed by Speaker Burwell, throttled it last August is entirely irrelevant to this discussion. Neither would it be helpful to remind any one of that incident wherein the Hon. Ed. McMichael, Representative from Marion county and Speaker Pro Tempore, and the "Gentleman from Coffee" locked horns. The Hon. Ed. McMichael had the floor. He thought himself to be slaughtering the McCrory Bill, whereas he was in fact slaughtering himself. When in the midst of his attack on the bill, the Gentleman from Coffee most respectfully addressed the chair, the Speaker promptly asked the Hon. Ed. if he would yield to a question, whereupon the request was granted. This was the question: "Will the Gentleman from Marion tell the House if he is not the known agent of a Book Company?" Then it was that the "tumult and shouting broke loose." The Hon. Ed. had been treed. It was needless for him to speak any longer. All of these facts and incidents are foreign to the immediate purpose, which is to show that it is practical for a State to publish and sell to the children at cost, the books now used in the common schools.

Prior to the Acts of 1878-79, the Georgia Legislature had foolishly given the Supreme Court reporter the copyright of the Georgia Reports. The official reporter compiled the decisions of the court, had them published and sold them to the lawyers of the State. The lawyers paid an average of about $7.00 per volume for these reports.

The General Assembly concluded that the lawyers were paying too much for their reports; a bill was passed providing that "the copyright of said reports shall belong to the State." It was also provided that "the Supreme Court reports of this State shall be published by and at the expense of the State, in the manner hereinafter pointed out." (Acts 1878-79, page 158.) The manner of publication and distribution was then changed and the lawyers have since bought their reports for about $1.50 per volume.

In 1893 it was necessary to republish volumes 66 to 76 of the reports. J. H. Lumpkin had been the official reporter, and he had published and sold these very volumes for not less than $7.00 per volume. The General Assembly ordered the republication of the volumes indicated, and they were published and sold for $1.50 per volume. Under the old plan the eleven volumes were sold for $77.00; when republished and sold under the plan of State publication they were sold for $1.50 per volume, or $16.50 for the eleven volumes. (Acts 1893, page 109.)

The same thing happened again in 1895. The General Assembly ordered the republication of volumes 77 to 83. Under the old plan they cost $49.00, and under the new plan they cost $10.50. (Acts 1895, page 81.)

It didn't require an official investi-

gation by a book commission for the lawyers to know that they could have the State publish these books far cheaper than the Supreme Court reporter had done. The Legislature changed the system and from then until now Georgia lawyers have been the beneficiaries of State publication.

It took no agitation to do this for the lawyers; it required no investigation; it needed nothing except an Act of the General Assembly; the General Assembly acted. Why? Because the people had elected as their representatives many lawyers, and that body of lawyers did for themselves what they now refuse to do for the eight hundred thousand school children of the State.

In Georgia the following prices are paid for school books. Primer, 25c; First Reader, 20c; Second Reader, 25c; Third Reader, 30c; Fourth Reader, 35c; Fifth Reader, 35c; Arithmetic, 40c; Geography, $1.15.

In Ontario they cost as follows: Primer, 4c; First Reader, 6c; Second Reader, 9c; Third Reader, 14c; Fourth Reader, 16c; Arithmetic, 10c; Geography, 60c.

In Georgia we pay $1.75 for the series. In Ontario they pay 49 cents.

Can truth be made any plainer? Did it require any "official investigation" to learn these facts?

All honor to faithful and honest C. R. McCrory. The machine blocked his bill last August. High-handed and dictatorial was the conduct of William H. Burwell, Speaker of the House. The Book Trust never had two more faithful tools than Burwell and McMichael.

It is said by some that the Ontario books do not measure up to those used in Georgia. I am advised that they exceed our books, in text, binding and appearance.

Can Georgia be biased and prejudiced towards Canada material? I would be most reluctant to answer the question in the negative. I would remind the reader of the time when we went gunning for a Superintendant of our Agricultural College. We crossed the border line, landed into Canada and bagged Andrew M. Soule, the highest salaried public official in Georgia. If it be practical to pay this Canadian instructor the huge salary that we do as compensatory of his dubious skill, it might be well to test the school books used in Canada, the land of Soule.

Let us have the school books edited by the State Superintendant with the help of our most learned educators, and when approved by the State Board, copyright the text, have the printing done by competitive bids and furnish the books to the children at actual cost of publication.

This simple and practical plan demolishes the various and sundry schemes of the book companies. It eliminates all cost of over head charges, all cost of expensive agencies, all cost of high priced solicitors, all cost of advertising, and the profits, huge as they are, of the book companies.

The history of the South is fresh in the minds of the valiant men of the Sixties. They fought, and many of them died for the preservation of the pillars of representative government. The struggle was lost, but the principles still live. Georgia showed her full measure of devotion for those principles, and when it comes to editing the books from which the children of this State are taught, the hand that loves Georgia most should hold the pen with which the history of the past is told. Too long, too long have the young already been taught to learn the story written by men in whose veins there courses no blood of reverence for our glorious past and our struggles for higher and better civilization, and to whom nothing appeals that savors of Southern history.

Thousands of Georgia children are growing into manhood and woman-

hood without reaping the benefits of education, and numbers of them do not go to school for the sole reason that their parents are unable to buy the necessary books. If the mind of the child is not developed, we need not expect its growth into useful citizenship. Beneath the wool hat of some little mountain boy there may be the brain of an Alex Stephens or Ben Hill; or some wiregrass chap growing up illiterate and untrained may have the mind of a Bob Toombs or George McDuffie. The fearful price of illiteracy is paid by the government. Give the children a chance.

Too long has Georgia, "the Empire State of the South," led the van of illiteracy.

That her brain and brawn should be the price paid to corporations who have been allowed to fatten on the hard-earned money of Georgia's toilers, seems too monstrous a blot for Georgia to longer tolerate.

Give the children a chance!

The Cracker

Ralph M. Thomson

Lord of the old red-blooded hills,
That flame the grandeur of my state—
Of sun-kissed peaks and lilting rills,
Which mock at Time and smile at Fate,
The more it is my lot to know
Of parasites of pedigree,
The more constrained am I to grow
Content with my nativity.

King of the lullabying waves,
Which rock the marshes on the strand—
Of every soughing pine that braves
The dangers threatening my land,
The more that pompous mortals prate
Of fame or gold, in jealous rage,
The more I'm moved to advocate,
The glory of my heritage.

God of the long forgotten years,
When brawn or brain proclaimed the man—
Of all the rugged pioneers
Of Freedom's tattered caravan,
Whatever Fortune may supply,
Or Destiny demand in toll,
I only ask to live and die
A Georgia Cracker,—heart and soul!

"Lights and Shadows of Mexican Politics"

W. W. Ballew

THE chaotic anarchy in Mexico, is due to American capitalists, and Roman Catholic influence.

We have heretofore reviewed the Mexican situation, but the plot thickens.

The memory of most people is fickle. None of us have inspired memories, that will enable us to relate the true facts in detail 60 years after they have occurred with the sublime accuracy accorded to St. John.

The American mind must be constantly refreshed, and facts need much repeating to create a lasting impression.

Let us review a few pertinent facts connected with the recent history of Mexico, to which the American press is giving no public consideration, or critical comment.

Porfiro Diaz, for 32 years "Ruled Mexico," with an "Iron Hand," but Mexico was prospering during all that time. One of the greatest acts of Diaz was the dis-establishment of the Catholic Church from temporal affairs in Mexico. The Jesuits never forget, or forgive. They have but one maxim in "Statecraft," the Machiavellian policy of government: "The ends justify the means." They have but one maxim in religion. Loyola was its most brilliant advocate: "The ends justify the means."

While Diaz ruled, the Jesuits schemed. The Pearsons, and other large interests had obtained magnificent concessions in Mexico, from Diaz. Among others were the wonderful oil interests developed by the Pearsons at Tampico. The Standard Oil interests could not control the Pearsons, but could overthrow, by bribery, and corruption the Government of Diaz. Madero, a Freethinker, wealthy, brilliant, ambitious, a powerful political demagogue and pretended lover of democracy even unto Socialism, but always at heart an aristocrat, so born, and aspiring to be the founder of a greater dynasty than even the ancient Pharaohs of Egyptian legend, and more lasting than that of any in Mexican history, was selected to head the rebellion and revolution against Diaz.

The Standard Oil, and other American financial interests that were jealous of the English concessions owned in Mexico, furnished the money to foment, and finance the revolution; the Jesuits, and their followers furnished the votes in connection with Madero's influence over the peons, and politicians of Mexico, who wanted to oust Diaz, and prevent the next most brilliant mind in Mexico from succeeding Diaz. Roman Carol should have been the successor of Diaz. Limantour would have been a strong second. These parties however, were friends of Diaz, therefore must be driven from public life in Mexico, by cold blooded, calculating American financial interests, and Catholic influence. Madero, American financial agents, and the Jesuits hatched the Revolution. What were the lives of a few thousand peons, the rights of English concessions, or the welfare of Mexico to him, who aspired to be dictator of Mexico in the name of Democracy, and Socialism, and the royal agent of American financial interests under mutual understandings with the American agents, and interests?

The Revolution was successful. Diaz was driven from Mexico in banishment, and thus passed the greatest name that will ever be connected with the history, and welfare of Mexico. Had Diaz provided free elections, and

education, and limited the ownership of lands, his glory would never fade from the history of his country. Roman Carol passed into the *eternal silence*, and "Oblivion of Death," with a broken heart. Limontour and the other greatest minds in Mexico were exiled in foreign lands. Madero at once proved the sincerity of all his socialistic pretensions and political dreams and promises by filling every important office with his nearest relatives, and through this species of nepotism sought to establish the Madero Dynasty upon the well remembered plans of the "Little Corporal," Napoleon Bonepart.

The American magnates believed the "English interests" would be eclipsed. The Catholics were confronted with the fact, that a Freethinker had been made President through their desire to be revenged upon Diaz. The Parsons, and other English interests were not to be driven from the paradise of the speculators.

The enemies of Madero at once brought on a counter Revolution. English capitalists, and Catholic conspirators furnished the means. Mexican peons, the instruments. Madero was doomed from the start. He had made use of the "Catholic schemers" to secure his election. He had scorned and repudiated their pretensions after his election. "*Jesuits* never forget, or forgive."

Felix Diaz reappeared upon the scene, in the interests of the "Diaz Dynasty," and English, French, and German capitalists.

Felix Diaz, and Huerta, the former "War Chief" of Aztec Diaz, accomplished the final overthrow of Madero.

Huerta was made Provisional President by the friends of Porfiro, and Felix Diaz was the rival of all presidential aspirants, and was to receive the support of Huerta.

The Cromwell of Jersey, the Roman Puritan, who is but the "curtain roller for the Roman Pontiff's American Political Theatricals," otherwise known as President Wilson, obeying the suggestion of his closest managers, Private Secretary Tumulty, and Senator O'Gorman, ordered Henry Lane Wilson from Mexico City to Washington, in order that Lord Nelson O'Shaughnessey, and the Most Rev. Jose Moro, Catholic Archbishop of Mexico, might execute the plans of his Eminence, the prisoner of the Vatican, in uniting the Catholics of Mexico and the United States, for obtaining control of the politics of the Western Hemisphere. "Confidential Agent Lind" was sent to Mexico, with an impudent and impertinent demand upon Huerta. It was well known that "Old Huerta" was a rough fighter, but no "diplomat," or "scholar of politics," yet Private Secretary Tumulty knew the hand he had to play, the cards to be played, and he was more than well informed as to the ability of Senor Camboa, who would conduct the diplomatic affairs of Mexico and the United States with Confidential Agent Lind. The masterful, and crushing replies of Senor Gamboa to Confidential Agent Lind put to shame every honest thinking mind, sent the confidential agent to the low and unhealthy city of Vera Cruz for his health. The altitude of Mexico City was too much for the "poor American dupe" of Private Secretary Tumulty. The effect of Gamboa's replies was to make Huerta far more prominent in the eyes of the world, than his own ability would have ever raised him. The Cromwell of Jersey at once rushed to his summer home in New Hampshire with the statement that he would wait and let his diplomacy have time to sink into the public mind.

Germany smiled, England scoffed, France shrugged shoulders, and twisted moustaches over the simplicity

of the embryonic diplomacy of Prince of Peace Bryan, and the American Scholar in Politics.

Rome sounded high praise over the "Politics and Diplomacy of Our President." See Dallas News, August 29, 1913. Dispatch from Rome.

Prince of Peace Bryan at once hiked himself to Pennsylvania, on his "Star Route Lecture Course," and solemnly chattered over the "Price of a Soul." On August 30, 1913, President Wilson was in New Hampshire. Bryan in Pennsylvania. Confidential Agent Lind in Vera Cruz. Private Secretary Tumulty was alone at the helm in Washington. Lord Nelson O'Shaughnessey was confabing in Mexico City with Senor Gamboa, and the Most Rev. Jose Moro, Archbishop of Mexico. The Pope in Rome had a direct and secret line upon the condition of affairs in Mexico and the United States. Felix Diaz, who had reported that he was going upon an official visit to the Mikado, which report was put out to conceal the mission of Col. De Alaman, who had been sent to Japan secretly to receive 75,000 rifles and ammunition that had been purchased by Huerta, (See Press dispatches from Honolula, August 14, 1913), was in London on August 30 on his way to Paris to consult with Porfiro Diaz, and to secure the remainder of the loan that had been arranged in the early spring, in order that he might carry on his campaign for president, and continue the war against the Revolutionists under Caranza, and the other chiefs in Rebellion. Huerta by "Public Opionion" in Mexico, and elsewhere, was almost raised to the elevation of the "Man of the Hour" in Mexico. Many thought he would be forced to enter the race for president. Oh, the shallowness of public thought and opinion! What is it's worth? Such were not the plans of the Pope, Tumulty, Lord Nelson O'Shaughnessey, the Most Rev. Jose Moro. Catholic Archbishop of Mexico, and Senor Gamboa.

"Current Opinion" even proclaimed Huerta, the "Almost Invincible One." Common sense knew that Huerta wrote not one line, and dictated not one word of the masterful and brilliant replies of Senor Gamboa to Confidential Agent Lind's "silly assumptions" and "impertinent demands."

Senor Gamboa played his hand, consolidated his forces, resigned his office and became the Catholic candidate for President of Mexico.

Confidential Agent Lind still lingered in Vera Cruz, abashed, nonplussed, dazed and bewildered over the Catholic, or Jesuit diplomacy.

The candidacy of Gamboa eliminated all hope for Felix Diaz.

The Catholic card players had taken all tricks.

Archbishop Jose Moro hied himself away to Rome in September, and early in October was reported through the Associated Press dispatches, to be in consultation with the Pope over the political affairs in Mexico.

"Like an Alpine Thunder Clap" came the announcement that Huerta had dissolved the Mexican Congress, imprisoned one hundred and ten non-Catholic Deputies, and declared himself Dictator of Mexico.

Oh, wonderful climax of Catholic policy! Again the trick was taken by the Jesuit players.

This climax, of course, was worked to effectually destroy Huerta and the Diaz followers. Again cunning Private Secretary Tumulty whispered to the American Scholar in Politics his part of the play, and Wilson again aroused Confidential Agent Lind from miasmatic slumbering at Vera Cruz, and again Lord Nelson O'Shaughnessey's name is before the public.

What do all these political theatricals mean? Has not American intelligence the wit to comprehend and

understand these plays? If not, then let the following facts be considered with the rest. The Dallas News of October 17th, has this news item.

"Huerta is declared to have secured funds in France through influence of Catholics." Paris, October 16th. "Provisional President Huerta of Mexico has obtained a loan of $2,600,000 in Paris, chiefly according to circumstantial reports, through the influence of the chiefs of the Catholic Party.

The Most Rev. Jose Moro, Archbishop of the State of Mexico, it is understood came to Europe recently, partly on this account. The loan was presumably on short term bills to be repaid out of the proceeds of the unissued portion of the loan arranged last spring. The foreign office here today received a telegram from the French Legation at the City of Mexico, suggesting that a warship be sent to Mexico."

Think of the meaning and import of this message, all ye, who are capable of thinking. Remember that the Most Rev. Jose Moro, Archbishop of Mexico, about October 1st, was in Rome consulting with the Pope over the political affairs of Mexico. That immediately thereafter the Mexican Congress was dissolved, and all non-Catholic Deputies were imprisoned, by the nominal order of Huerta, but most probably upon advices from Rome. The Archbishop of Mexico at once proceeded to Paris and received through the chiefs of the Catholic Party $2,600,000 payment upon a loan arranged last spring; that Felix Diaz started in August, apparently to Japan, but in reality to Paris to collect funds for the purpose of fighting Catholic influence in Mexico, by seeking the Presidency himself. Felix Diaz is a Freethinker, and anti-Catholic. Felix Diaz will not be elected President. Huerta will never see, or touch one dollar of the $2,600,000. It will be handled by Most Rev. Jose Moro, Archbishop of Mexico, in the interests of the Catholic Party in Mexico. French war vessels may mean several things for Mexico, and more to America. Catholic and Jesuit diplomacy means much more. Wilson and Bryan, and their deluded worshippers will live to realize that American money and Catholic influence were responsible for the Revolution against Diaz, and all of the subsequent events that have produced the present troubles in Mexico, and that the present "American Diplomacy" is dictated from Rome through Private Secretary Tumulty, and Tumulty, O'Gorman, Lord Nelson O'Shaughnessey, the Associated Press Censorship, Senor Gamboa, and the Most Rev. Jose Moro, Arshbishop of Mexico, and the prisoner of the Vatican understand the game of Jesuit politics that is now being played in the United States and Mexico.

Henry Lane Wilson could not be used by the Catholics, and was therefore ordered home by suggestions of Tumulty, O'Gorman and Lord O'Shaughnessey. Remember, also, that the demands of President Wilson were not only absurd, but silly, childish, and ridiculous. Why did not, and has not Wilson sent some confidential agents to Caranza, Zapata, and the other Revolutionary Chiefs demanding that they cease hostilities, lay down their arms, and hold a real democratic election? Don't all answer at once, but let all honest thinking people learn, if they can, why Mr. Wilson sent his confidential agent to one faction, and not to both. The answer is easy to any thinking man. There is a reason for it. What is it? Study it out for yourself. The Jesuit politicians have made "damned fools" of your American President, and his Secretary of State.

American sons may soon be food for Mexican buzzards.

American diplomacy in Mexico is a disgrace to the name of American Statesmanship. Jesuits are dealing the cards. Dupes and puppets are the players. Wilson and Bryan are, as English Statesmen, and newspapers declared on August 29, 1913, the "Earliest Buds of Embryonic Diplomacy."

Why do Wilson and Bryan and their deluded followers claim that Huerta had Madero assassinated? Who originated this lie? Henry Lane Wilson ,who was Dean of the Diplomatic Corps in Mexico has officially informed the American people that there is no basis, or foundation for the charge. He was in the City of Mexico, and as representative of the American Government, it was his sworn duty to investigate all matters in which the American people were interested officially. Who killed Madero? The murderers and assassins of Madero are known. They have confessed, received their absolution, and perhaps also their rewards. Ask Private Secretary Tumulty to have Lord Nelson O'Shaughnessey, to ask the Most Rev. Jose Moro, Archbishop of Mexico, to give him the names of the confessors of the assassins of Madero. A double motive existed for killing Madero. A double purpose was served. A double end was accomplished. "The ends justified the means." Madero was supported by the Catholics of Mexico in his Revolution against Diaz. Madero scorned the Catholic pretentions, and repudiated the Catholic demands after his election. Jesuits never forget, or forgive. This is a principle of their politics and religion.

The assassination of Madero was the *act of Jesuits.*

It was done under guise of a rescue of Madero. He was rescued from earth to eternal peace and rest, silence, and the oblivion of death.

His assassins have of course confessed, received absolution and reward, and the assassins, their confessors, and their superiors have charged the crime to Huerta, the friend of Porfiro Diaz, and his former Aztec Chief, and War General. Diaz is hated by Catholics. His friends are likewise marked. The charge against Huerta is merely a part of the Jesuit plans of destroying their enemies. The Catholic censors of the Associated Press dispatches have edited all news items that came from Mexico in reference to the death of Madero. Where would a Sherlock Holmes go to find the murderers of Madero? What would be his first quest? To find the confessors of the captain or leader of the band that made the pretended effort to rescue Madero, but whose real mission was to murder Madero, and lay the charge upon Huerta, of treachery and assassination.

Let Private Secretary Tumulty, Lord Nelson O'Shaughnessey, Confidential Agent Lind, demand from Archbishop Moro the truth, that can be given to them by the "confessor" of the City of Mexico, who received the confessions of the assassins of Madero. The truth will be that the Jesuits murdered Madero out of revenge, laid the charge at the door of Huerta, to dishonor him and Diaz, and their party, confessed, received absolution and most liberal rewards. The tools of the Pope, and the dupes of Tumulty, from Wilson and Bryan on down, sanctimoniously reiterate the charge. The American Scholar in Politics has much yet to learn from the Jesuit masters of the arts of diplomacy, conspiracy, and assassination. The two strongest anti-Catholic factions in Mexico were overthrown and ruined at one and the same time, and by the same Jesuit trick. The assassination of Madero removed him forever from Mexican troubles. It also made the relatives of Madero, his friends and followers, the eternal enemies of Huerta and Diaz. Huerta

has been marked, and branded by the "Hands of Jesuits." Tumulty, O'Shaughnessey, Gamboa, Archbishop Moro, the Pope and others know the truth.

The people of America are easily fooled and duped, and made believe many things. Many denounce Huerta for the murder of Madero without stopping to consider facts and history. Huerta is not wise, his recent coup d'etat was planned in Rome between the Pope and Archbishop Moro, communicated to Senor Gamboa the friend of Huerta, and executed by the "Silent One," who always obeys the orders of his superiors. The effect will destroy forever the influence of Huerta in Mexican palitics, prevent the election of Felix Diaz, and leave the Jesuit conspirators and their dupes further schemes to plot, plan, and execute to eliminate the enemies of Roman Catholicism in Mexico.

Temptation

Albert Cooper

All day long!
While the treadmill grinds its killing pace—
While the tired-eyed and lagged-stepping run their killing race—
I fight alone!

The whole night through!
While animal sinews lay stupored in uneasy sleep—
While the night-beat's footfall breaks the silence deep—
I lay with staring eyes!

I know the cause!
For in this army the fighters tramp in Indian-file—
Stoic, stolid, they fight, alone, each weary mile.
None asks another for help he knows he cannot give,
But makes another superhuman strain—that he may live—
Lest the line close up without him—in the march.
And so, I fight alone!

And on through the day and on through the night
I fight as best I can.
And only the God above can know
The perils that threaten a man.
But I'll go on—I'll fight the fight!
I'll top the hill some day!
And I'll drive my passions like thorough-breds
When I sweep down the homeward way!

More About Children and Books

Alice Louise Lytle

HAPPY the man or woman who can "point a moral and adorn a tale" for the childish mind, in the verbiage of "Once Upon a Time."

Last month we offered for approval, some of the books which had been prepared for the young reader, and they were all good books; they dealt with the realities of life, with the things that go to make up the future of the young men and women for whom they were written, and they would all help to make men and women of the sort worth while—who accomplish things because they are interested in them, and have an intelligent understanding of them.

We have had many books, some plays and several pictures which have been held up to the child mind for approval and consideration, and whether the failure of most of these has been because the child mind refuses to be coerced in the matter of taking to its heart the things which the adult mind has decided would be good—or whether the author, artist and playwright could not reach the standard set by the child mind, is a debatable question.

But the delectable land of "Once Upon a Time" is still for some of us who have outlived the joys and the thrills of those dear days, and we greet with affection a book that will take us back, and happy are we if we go not alone.

All of which is preliminary to the fact that there is at least one book, entertaining, moral, and altogether a heart's-delight of a book dealing with that never-to-be-forgotten era, and withal a book so interesting that even the grumpiest grown-up will not rebel at the task of reading it aloud to the family circle. And it is devoutly to be hoped that no circle in which it is read will ever be lacking in eager, little faces, with interest in every feature, while they follow the adventures of Tyltyl, the ten year old hero, and Mytyl, his eight year old sister.

The scene is laid, for the opening chapter, in the woodcutter's cottage, in the forest, and the time is Christmas Eve. There is a large sorrow on the little house; the weather has been bad, and Daddy Tyl has not been able to work in the forest, at his trade of woodcutter. Only the littlest ones realize what the tragedy of a Christmas without presents is, and Mummy Tyl is grieving for her children, in what she knows will be their disappointment. And while the children are talking of the fear that Father Christmas may not be able to come to them this year "because Mummy couldn't go to town to tell him," the party of the rich children in the house opposite claims their attention.

And then the Fairy comes: "a little old woman, dressed all in green, with a hood over her head. She was hump-backed and lame and had only one eye; her nose and chin almost touched; and she walked leaning on a stick."

The old Fairy is in search of the Blue Bird, but the one the children have is not blue enough. She wants it for her little girl, who is very ill, and the reason the Blue Bird is wanted is because, "The Blue Bird stands for happiness;" and the little girl will not get well until she has happiness.

After the old Fairy has helped the children dress, she takes them "through the Land of Memory," which is on the way to the Blue Bird, and their adventures begin. They make intimate acquaintance with many things whose very intimacy had caused them to be

not understood. To the little boy is given the hat with the magic stone, and with it he may see the soul of things, the past and the future.

Only one who had intimate knowledge of children, and whose own youth had been filled with the sweet fancies and dreams which some are privileged to have, could write as Madame Maeterlinck has done; the translator has been in sympathy with the author, and the book is in a class by itself.

The homely, every-day things which the child has known from its infancy, are woven into the tale with a skill that is marvellous. The hours of their little lives, the cat, the dog, the bread, sugar, fire, milk, are all skillfully brought into the tale in their proper order, and even the grown-up may absorb the moral.

The spite which has existed so long between the dog and the cat; the jealousy which prompts each to regret the advantages which they enjoy under the benificent reign of the Fairy who is searching for the Blue Bird—are so truly human, as to make the average grown-up blush.

The journey to the Land of Memory is made, and here the children greet the old grandparents who remind them that "every time you think of us, we wake up and see you again."

Could a plea for the remembrance of the dead be put in a sweeter way? and what normal child can resist that, when it is read to them by some one who understands?

And you will have to read the adventures yourself, to realize how great a factor for good a tale like "The Blue Bird" may be.

Historians and scholars assure us that the fairy tales which we have grown up with, "Cinderella;" "Jack the Giant Killer;" "Little Red Ridinghood;" and the rest of the favorites, have existed as far back as history itself goes. That the mind of the ancient was alive to the tale which enlisted his sympathy, and that the youth of the old time was taught the world-old truth of the triumph of good and the punishment of bad. The Persians had ready sympathy with children, and they seem never to have outgrown it. All the truths of life were told the children in beautifully word-painted tales, and while the knowledge of the average person is slim, regarding the Persians, of the home-life we may read much that shows them a gentle, home-loving race.

When books were rare and costly, the first efforts at putting them up for children were dismal failures, so far as we judge by our standards of today—but the good they did was far-reaching. The price was prohibitive, and for this reason they were loaned only as great favors, were scrupulously cared for and religiously returned.

Unfortunately we have not many books like "The Blue Bird," and there is a wide field for the author who will take children to his heart and write to them understandingly and sympathetically. We are in so great a hurry to make the baby minds grow, we fill them with lore that tires the little scholars before they have taken many sips from the fountains which good books would be for them.

Some of our early recollections, when Louisa M. Alcott was "the rage" and "The Chatterbox" was a family friend, have laid the foundationns for hopes and plans for other little children, but "other times, other books," and what was pleasing to us, is passed over by the child of today.

On the common ground of fairy stories however, the children of all ages, all conditions meet; there never was a normal child who was not captivated by the tale of Cinderella, Little Red Ridinghood, and dozens of others, which always made the unjust suffer, and rewarded the good and fearless.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to feed

the children on this sort of literature again? While The Blue Bird, as a book, is in a class by itself, it strongly resembles "Peter Pan," which was a child's play for grown-ups, and which was one of the most popular pieces of work that the author, Mr. Barrie, turned out.

We have had a deal to say of the efforts on the part of the grown-up human to "get back to nature," and there is also evident an effort on the part of many to get back to simplicity; the literature of an age is a fair indication of the trend of that age, and it is readily to be seen that we have had a sufficiency of the literature which almost required fumigation before it could safely be taken into the home. Almost unconsciously, the children were becoming affected with this degeneracy, and it will be a happy day when we can hail a renaissance of the "Once Upon a Time," as the standard for the literature of the child of today.

It isn't necessary to make the point of the moral too strong; we might leave something to the imagination of the youthful reader. The pity of the efforts of the average person who tries to write books for children lies in this: theory, and not natural knowledge is what they are using as a basis for their efforts. They will wade through the reports of one of the juvenile courts (and it takes a strong, healthy man or woman to survive that), and they will decide that children, as a whole, are little beasts, with no saving grace of innocence, and the book which is to reach them must contain sufficiently strong scent of brimstone, and audible sound of the devil's hoofs and switching tail, to make the youthful delinquent take heed of the error of its ways, and reform.

To reach the children of that great class whose parents are the toilers, would be one of the greatest missions a man or a woman could undertake, and it would not be an easy mission either—but the results would pay a thousand fold for the effort, even though the author might not know of the success of his endeavor.

There is a smug patronage about some books which the Sunday School libraries are stocked with, that maddens to the point of rebellion the healthy boy or girl who is compelled to read them. If I were an author, I would rather have to my credit one book that was ragged as to edges, and dog-eared as to leaves, and with the imprint of hundreds of grimy little hands, than to have six books listed as "the six best sellers," if no child hand ever reached for them.

To get the child interested in the big, clean things of life is not a hard task; boys like fairness, and books dealing with these traits in other boys will appeal to them. Girls are not a bit behind the boys in this, but their lives necessarily deal with the more intimate home things, and themes on this line appeal to them. Just as the man and woman hate sermonizing and moralizing, so does the child rebel at having pills of virtue in the shape of literature, crammed into it. Given the tale of a boy who cheated at his school examinations, and who thereby took the prize from the fellow who studied for it, the healthy human boy of today sees no virtue in the silent suffering of the boy who lost; he would, to express it in his words, have "licked the hide off the fellow that cheated," and there would have been no halo of martyrdom about him. To the girl who has been fed on tales dealing with the self-sacrifice of the girl who uncomplainingly takes snubs and insults because of a misunderstanding, the girl of today will sniff her displeasure and ask why she did not "talk it over," and "have it out" with the girl who caused the trouble?

But it is when we lose sight of the realities, and the moral tales and the problem stories, that we all meet on a

common ground of "Once Upon a Time;" then it is we may become as little children again, and there may be also a revival of the old hopes, the old trusts and the old joys. The maker of books is a friend—but the maker of a book that will key a boy or girl up to the standard which makes for ideals of fairness and honesty and courage, is a friend whose value is beyond the power of our standard of worth to express.

It is to be hoped that many little ones will become the fortunate possessor of "The Blue Bird," and that there will always be some one who understands, to read with the sympathy which is so great a part of understanding, for the little, unformed mind that will so eagerly absorb tales of "Once Upon a Time."

Christmas Prayer

John Joseph Scott

Oh Lord I pray that Thou make me
Kinder and fairer and quicker to see!
Give me the courage, on this scoffing sod,
To worship, and above all else, my God!
Increase my strength each day I walk the land,
That, although Fate may ruthlessly command
I seek the hills that point away from home,
And through the yawning valleys ever roam,
I still shall smile all unbelief away,
And pledge Thy cause a heart as sweet as May!
Where Mammon and where Lust proclaim their creeds,
And men are judged by questionable deeds,
Help me to lift my soul to dare the din,
And hymn a song to shame the vilest sin—
All this I ask, Eternal God above,
In His great name who said that I should love!

EDITORIAL NOTES

"DICKY bird, dicky bird, come and be killed!"

So sang the Mexican Foreign Minister, the worthy Moheno, trilling the song that Huerta taught him. The bird that was sweetly invited to come and be killed was Felix Diaz. There are wiser birds than Felix, but even Felix knew Huerta. So, he did not go to Mexico City, although sweetly invited, and he therefore still lives ,having escaped thus far the assassins sent after him. Being in the hospital, wounded, is considerably better than being buried.

* * * * *

When Felix Diaz conspired with Huerta and with Henry Lane Wilson to overthrow the most humane of Mexicans, both Felix and Henry Lane might have known what would happen. A trusted lieutenant who would betray and kill his chief, as Huerta betrayed and killed Madero, would do *anything* base, treacherous, and savage. Felix Diaz did not think so, and Felix is now a man without a country, despised and ridiculed. By the time the Cuban doctors patch him up, Huerta's hired cutthroats will probably make deadlier passes at that neck of his.

* * * * *

The alleged Christian to whom Dr. Sen (another alleged Christian) confided, "temporarily," the republic of China, has eliminated Dr. Sen, purged the Chinese lexicon of the word "temporarily," imprisoned the Chinese Congress, and is evidently bent on becoming a Tammany Boss, or a Russian Czar. Yuan Shi Kai apparently sees no good reason why he should not Huertaize the empire of the Chinks.

For a mere heathen, he is certainly an apt scholar in the ways of Christian conquerors. He seems to know what the British mean by the word "annex;" and he has also fathomed the beautiful depths of the American phrase "benevolent assimilation."

Let us hope that he will not shoot the women and children, and then tell us that he did it to uphold "the honor of the flag."

* * * * *

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt is stirring up the wild animals in South America. In this country, such observers as Senator La Follette, W. Jenkins Bryan, and the Presiding Elder at the White House are scanning the election returns to ascertain, if possible, whether there is any likelihood that the Colonel can stir up the wild animals, in North America, some three years hence.

My own confidential opinion is that these bye-elections, full of local issues and local personages, cast no shadows that cover 1916.

When the Colonel comes flying home, through the Panama Canal, and reminds us how he "took" the land from Columbia, and dug the ditch with his army officers, it's going to be a bad time for lecturers like La Follette and Bryan. The actuality of that herculean achievement—the Panama Canal —is going to outweigh and outclass 40,000 tons of academic lectures and prosaic platitudes.

Just wait, and see.

* * * * *

Is it against the law to use the mails for fraudulent purposes? Is it a fraud when certain persons pretend that they have influence with a Saint in heaven, and that this Saint will find lost horses,

lost money, lost trinkets, &c., for people who will send money to the certain persons?

At Cincinnati, Ohio, there are men who use our mails for such palpable frauds as above stated. These men get money from ignorant people who believe that, *if they pay the money*, these men will prevail on the Saint to find tenants for houses, purchasers for real estate, jobs for the unemployed, husbands for aging spinsters, health for the sick, and luck for the unfortunate.

These frauds not only use the mails constantly for these swindling confidence games, but boldly advertise it!

The Louisiana Lottery was a model of honest, legitimate business, compared to the Saint Anthony fraud which is practised in Cincinnati.

The "absent-treatment" of Helen Wilmans, which caused her to be shut out of the mails and criminally prosecuted, until she was bankrupted and broken-hearted, was certainly not *more* of a fake, than this priest-worked Saint who is paid (per the priests) for finding lost pocket-books, lost cattle, lost tenants and lost health.

Why is it that these Cincinnati cheats and swindlers are not prosecuted for *their* fraudulent use of the mails?

The Government was swift with a fraud order against Lewis, when that enterprising publisher was doing a great business near St. Louis, and was using *his due bills*, as currency, among those who were perfectly willing to accept them.

But the Lewis due bills interfered with the due bills of the national bankers! Hence, they destroyed him with "a fraud order," just as Col. C. C. Post and Helen Wilmans were destroyed.

* * * * *

In the "Records and Reminiscences of Lord Roland Gower, page 286, you may read—

"On 8th February I had a glimpse of Carlyle.

Calling on him with Mrs. Greville, we found the grand old man seated near the fire in the stone-colored dressing-gown, &c.

Of Popery he said,

'*It is the greatest humbug in the universe!*'"

All great men of modern times have held the same opinion.

* * * * *

In *The Catholic News*, of Nov. 1,

REV. FRANCIS DOYLE, PENSACOLA, FLA. THE CRIMINAL PRIEST WHO WAS CAUGHT BY THE POLICE, LET LOOSE WITHOUT BOND, AND THEN SPIRITED AWAY BY THE POPE'S "SYSTEM."

1913, there are two columns given to the Watson case, the headline being

"*WATSON'S INDICTMENT WAS FAULTY.*"

Nowhere in the lengthy editorial is it stated that the Federated Treason Societies of the Pope instigated the

prosecution of Watson, *because* he published, from Roman Catholic theological works, the terrible secrets of that *purlieu of hell*, known as the Confessional.

It is in this secret confessional that bachelor priests work their will with weak, superstitious women.

Watson quoted from an ex-priest's book a Latin quotation from a standard Roman Catholic text-book. For having *quoted this quotation*, Watson was prosecuted *for a felony!*

The grand jury and the Federal Judge and the District Attorney all agreed that the quotation was too filthy to be incorporated in the indictment and spread upon the court records.

Yet it is published in the Roman Catholic books, and poured into the ears of Roman Catholic women, by bachelor priests.

If the records of the courts spurn such priestly filth, *what effect do you think it must have, on the minds of the priests, and of the women?*

* * * * *

Not a single Roman Catholic, in America, at least, would allow *any man*, to defile his mother, his sister, his sweetheart, his daughter, his wife with those questions, which were held to be too vile for the court records, *IF* those hideously lewd and nasty questions were generally known.

But the priests terrorize their female dupes INTO KEEPING THE SECRET; and the American Catholics do not know the foulness of the Confessional.

* * * * *

Mr. Anthony Comstock, is Post-office Inspector *in New York City*. One would think he might find much duty to perform, in his own baliwick, without going down to a distant town, like Thomson, Ga., to molest a publisher whose chief sin is that he has exposed some rotten politicians and some putrid priests.

And it is certainly an astonishing fact that this same Mr. Comstock gave his written encouragement and endorsement to Dr. Justin D. Fulton when that intrepid enemy of Roman lust and fraud was preparing to publish the dynamic book known as,

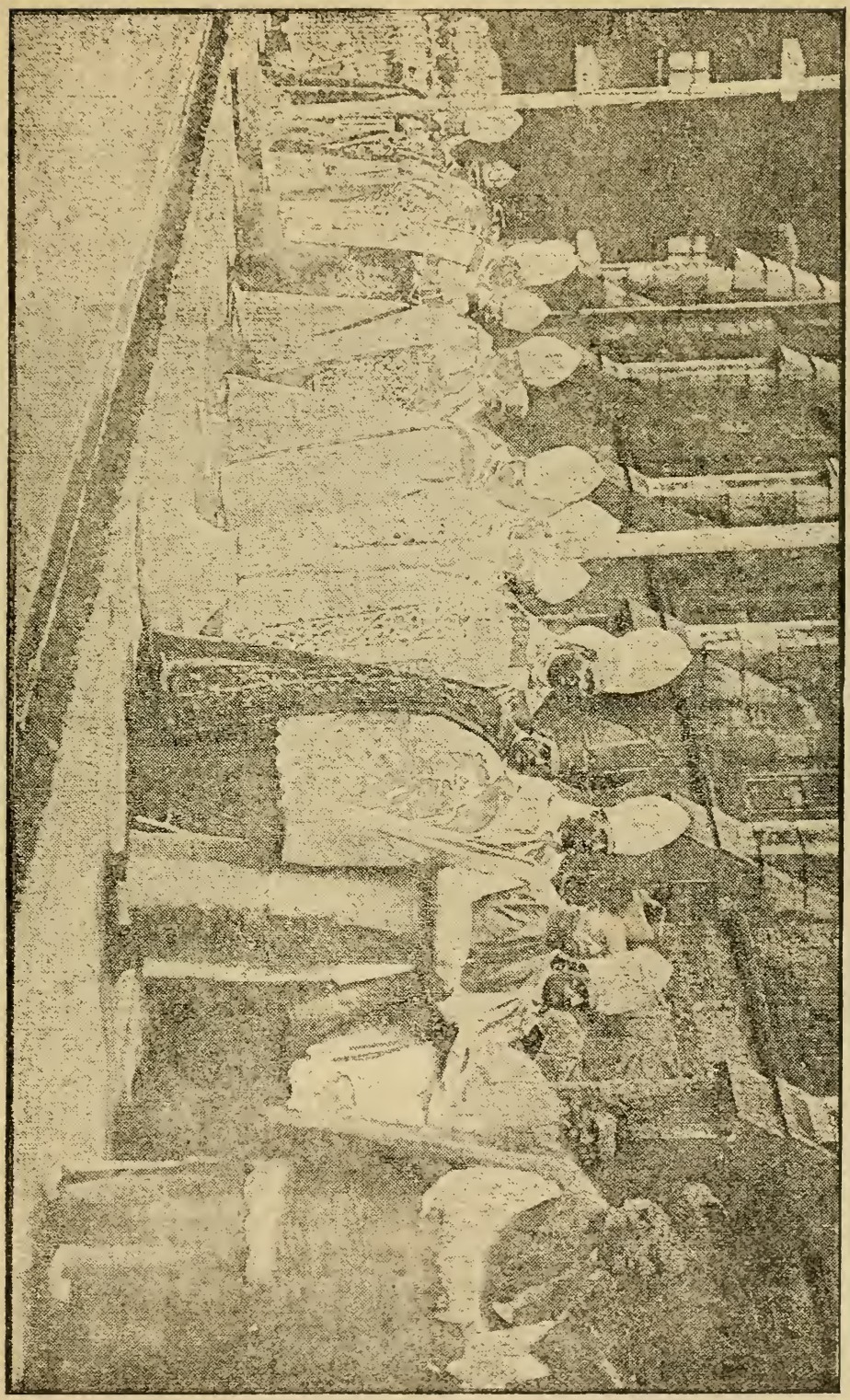
"*WHY PRIESTS SHOULD WED.*"

* * * * *

Commenting upon the extraordinary circumstances of the Watson prosecution, Rev. Lyman H. Johnson of Boston, Mass., says in his paper *The Stumbling Stone*:

> Spiritual graces adorn Christ and His church, gaudy trappings and charms of the flesh, the fallen woman and mother of the harlots! The sanctity of those papal robes, holy garments which inspire all Romanists with worshipful awe—what do they cover? The secrecy of the confessional, which Thomas E. Watson is imprisoned for exposing! Violating postal laws for using the mails to carry the obscene conversation every priest and bishop is required to have with every woman at the confessional! Too vile for the mails, and yet the sanctity of the secret confessional and symbolized by those holy hats and garments which inspire worshipful awe of all religious masses on the streets of Boston! The priests, unmarried men, obligeo to question women at the secret confessional, of thoughts too obscene for the mail bag, to be carried by sinful hireling in the service of the government! A book, "Why Priests Should Wed," was with other books, exhibited in his shop window, by a barber, also a true Christian minister of city missions. A priest forbade his having that book, which exposes the holy secrets of priests with women, exhibited in his shop window, and because he refused, was fined fifty dollars as a criminal by, a judge of a Boston court! The reason why a priest should marry, rather than to have a l Catholic wives and daughters exposed, to be tampered with by secret conferences too vile to be printed or carried in the mails, consigns a Christian minister of Boston to a felon's cell, or payment of a fine! That sacred secrecy too vile to bear exposure without a felon's cell, is the sanctity underneath all the holy garments of that bishops' parade, if the prosecution of Watson and the Boston barber evangelist is justice! Now look at this display of sanctity too vile for the light of day, requiring the secrecy of the black veil, and of Latin verbiage, the translation of which would be criminal indecency for the public eye!

* * * * *



A STREET-PARADE OF THE POPE'S CLOWNS, BOSTON, MASS.

The very book which caused the Boston barber to be prosecuted and fined—because he offered it for sale—has the official o. k. of Anthony Comstock!

That official approval is printed in the book itself.

Yet, Mr. Comstock allowed himself to be made a cat's paw, by the abominable libertines who are exposed in *that* book; and in pursuance of the plot of the papal libertines, Mr. Comstock tried to have Watson sent to the penitentiary!

* * * * *

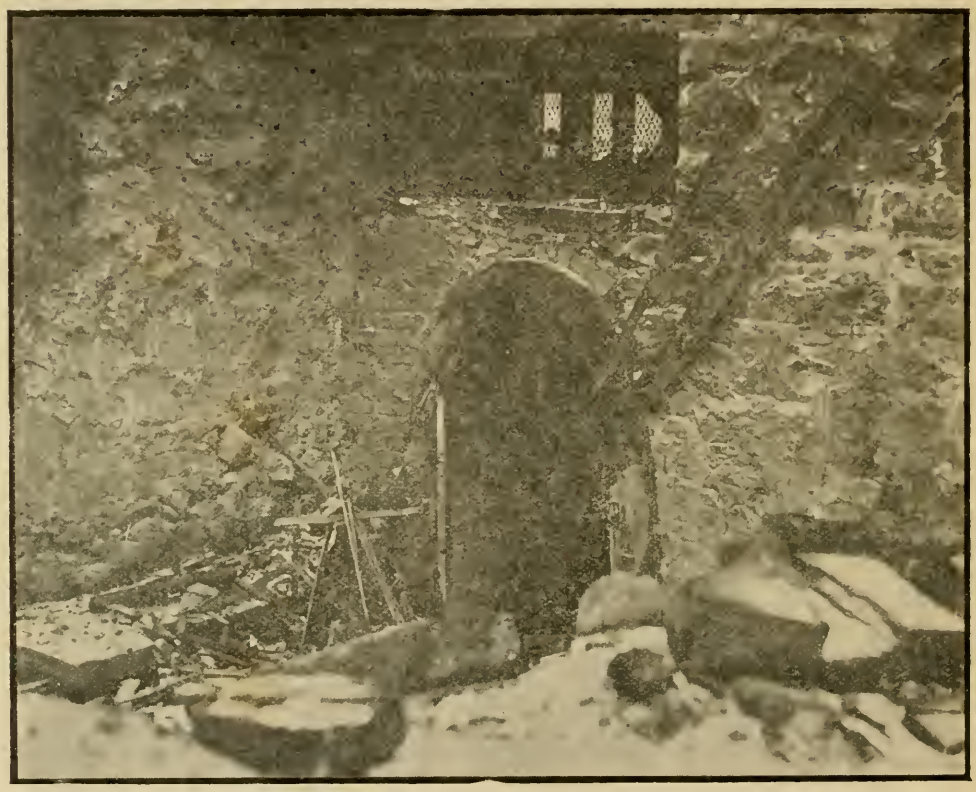
The following item appears in *The St. Louis Daily Times*:

PHILIPPINE MISSIONARIES NAMED.

Rome, Oct. 17.—The Vatican today mailed to the United States Government the list of 10 Roman Catholic missionaries who were named to go to the Philippines at the special and express request of the United States Government. All are German Jesuits.

Why did President Wilson and Secretary Bryan make a special and express request of the Pope for Jesuit missionaries to the Philippine Islands?

Is it not against the fundamental law of the United States to align itself with any *church*, for any sort of *church* work?



RECENT EXCAVATIONS IN MONTREAL, CANADA, HAVE BROUGHT TO LIGHT UNDERGROUND CONVENT PASSAGES AS MENTIONED IN MARIA MONK'S BOOK.

Why is our Government concerning itself with *the conversion of the Filipinos to popery?*

If popery is such a desirable thing that our Government feels justified in violating our laws by sending it to the Filipinos, why shouldn't all of us knuckle, kneel, crawl, lick the log and kiss the Pope's—foot?

* * * * *

There were hot times in Italy, some days ago, when the parliamentary elections were on again. There were more than 500 members to be elected to the thing-a-ma-doodle which makes "laws" for fair Italia. Papa's clans went to the polls with raucous noises, and voted with a holy rampantness—and captured 10 seats, out of the 508.

That was doing very well indeed, in the home of the Papapcy, where the Papa and his libertine crew of cardinals are so extremely well known.

In the meanwhile, Nathan, the Jew, continues Mayor of Rome, to the holy disgust of Papa; and Papa continues to worship a Jewess as "the Mother of our Triune God," to the unholy disgust of Nathan, the Jew.

And yet it would seem that some sort of compromise might be patched up between the Italian who worships a Jewess, and a Jew who venerates Araham, Isaac and Jacob.

* * * * *

Is it the proper thing for Roman Catholics to attack a Baptist church, smash the windows, tear off the doors, beat the congregation, and attempt to murder the man who is speaking to the people?

Please read the following press dispatch:

> Carbondale, Pa., Nov 8.—Intense excitement prevailed here today following an attack upon Berean Baptist church, where Robert Wilson, the famous detective who unearthed the Pittsburg councilmanic grafts, was scheduled to make an anti-Catholic address.
>
> Two thousand men and boys stormed the church, smashing windows, tearing off doors and hurling missiles into the aisles. Ten men in the congregation were badly beaten before police and deputies finally dispersed mob. Angered men attempted to kill Robert Wilson, but he managed to escape.

Note, that these people to whom Robert Wilson was lecturing had peaceably assembled inside a Baptist church, and were doing no more than listening to the speaker, when the Roman Catholics made their murderous assault!

Will any of the Romanist rioters be punished?

No.

Who incited the outrageous attack upon this church?

The priests.

Those befrocked fanatics have as much devilish hatred of religious liberty and Biblical Christianity, *right now*, as they had when they massacred men, women and children in the Waldensian Valleys, or burnt "heretics" in Holland.

* * * * *

A sad thing occurred at the International Purity Congress, on Nov. 7, 1913. A man from India told the assembled purifiers *the truth*, and it almost shattered the Purity Congress.

The man who did this truly unexpected and deplorable thing was from India, and his name is Keshava Deva Shastri. That is the bald way his name is reported in the papers. If he had not told a very disagreeable truth, unexpected and uncalled for, his name would doubtless have appeared with a title in front, or one behind, or two in the midst thereof.

Mr. Shastri, D. D.; or the Hon. Shastri, L. L. D.; or his Eminence, Deva Shastri, or (at least) the Right Reverend Deva Shastri.

But as he was so very ill-mannered, and so inconsiderate of all the customary proprieties as to tell *the naked truth*, he was fed of cold shoulder, pickled pig's trotters, congealed soups, worm-eaten crackers, and the unadorned entrimmings that his parents gave him, to-wit, Keshava Deva Shastri. (Bless his eyes!)

This is the horrid truth which that infatuated Hindoo told to the International Purifiers of Decadent Mankind:

> "There is little prospect that the Hindus in any great numbers will ever be converted to the Christian religion.

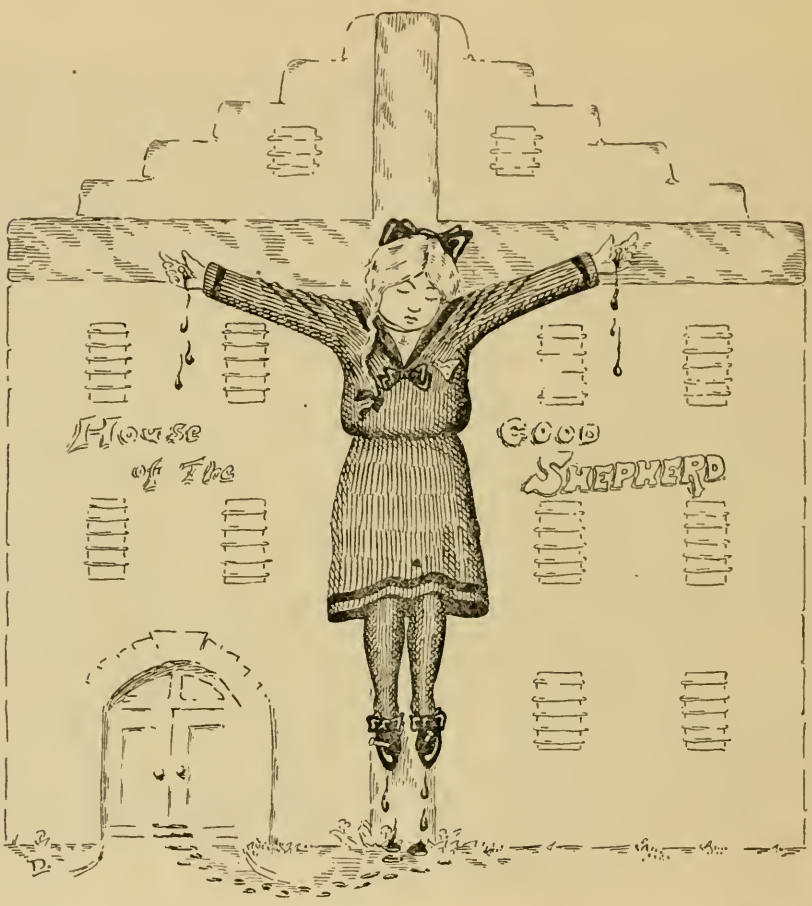
"As to the low-class Hindus, the missionary system is one of bartering material aid for converts.

"The missionary lives like a lord with a retinue of servants."

Dr. Shastri told a committee appointed to act on his case that he stood by the interview in every detail.

lordly mansion, a lordly sumptuosity of house furniture, a lordly table supplied from a lordly larder, a lordly equipage, a lordly style of dress and entertainment; and, of course, a lordly retinue of servants.

CRUCIFYING CHRIST ANEW.



"INASMUCH AS YE DID IT TO THE LEAST OF THESE, YE DID IT TO ME."

"I was not intending any attack," he said. "I was asked questions about conditions in my country, and I told about them."

Now wasn't that horrid?

"*The missionary lives like a lord, with a retinue of servants.*"

To live like a lord, one must have a

Brethren, would it not be wise to hasten the return of Shastri to his own dear native land?

At all events, we must implore him to "desist" from further remarks about our foreign missionaries.

* * * * *

Who Killed Him?

Headon Hill, in Cassell's Magazine

IT was, perhaps, to be expected that an elderly King's Counsel, more at home at the Central Criminal Court and on the Western Circuit, should feel like a fish out of water at my old friend Sir Walter Bridgecourt's smart house-party. But, in addition to this sensation of being somewhat out of my element, I was conscious from the very moment of joining it that there was an incongruity in the general composition of the assemblage.

For instance, it was a little disconcerting to find Senator Hotchkiss Beaumgartner, of the American Pulp Trust—to say nothing of his amazing wife—a guest under the roof of our austere and somewhat pompous host. To Miss Maisie Beaumgartner, their lovely and very charming daughter, no one could object, but the Senator was hardly the kind of person likely to commend himself to Sir Walter Bridgecourt. The latter had no son to need an alliance with Transatlantic millions, or any other reason that I could guess for cultivating the society of a creature with old Beaumgartner's table manners.

Moreover, in the train of these wealthy vulgarians there came another American, one Felix Shafter by name, to whom, though personally less objectionable than the pulp magnate, I took an instinctive dislike from the first. I was introduced to Mr. Shafter in the billiard-room on the afternoon of my arrival.

"This," said dear old Walter in his ponderous way as he brought me in, "is my good friend and former schoolfellow, Mr. Vincent Jerrold, the eminent King's Counsel. His title to fame pre-eminently consists in having caused more unfortunate wretches to be hanged than any other gentleman of the long robe in the kingdom."

Shafter looked me up and down with an impudent stare as he shook hands. "First-class legal luminary, eh?" he said, using with unwarranted familiarity a term I abominate. "Pleased to meet you, sir; though sorry I can't put any business in your way."

I saw Sir Walter Bridgecourt wince, and, wondering why he had invited such cattle to his ancestral home, I asked him at the first opportunity.

"My dear fellow, the fact is I couldn't very well help myself," he replied nervously. "I had to ask the Beaumgartners, and Shafter is travelling in Europe with them. He's the sort of individual who would push in anywhere; wouldn't be shaken off."

It did not sound very satisfactory, and I left the question of why he had invited the Beaumgartners untouched. That, however, was a point on which I felt that it would be a breach of privilege to press my friend, and I contented myself with unobtrusively studying the American visitors. I had no reason to modify my opinion that the old couple were ostentatious plebeians, that their daughter Maisie was a sparkling and attractive damsel of no great depth of character, and that Mr. Felix Shafter was an insolent intruder into surroundings with which he was quite unaccustomed.

My habit of observation led me also to the conclusion that he had matrimonial designs on Miss Maisie, though I could not detect any signs of encouragement in her treatment of him.

There were, of course, some other members of the house-party—people of high position in the social and politi-

cal world—to whom the extension of hospitality by Sir Walter to these "undesirable aliens," as some wag dubbed them, was as much an enigma as to mysef. Had not most of them been similarly bound to Walter Bridgecourt by ties of long-standing friendship the resentment might have found more open vent.

As it was, we could only wonder why a gentleman of such acknowledged tact and taste as our host should have endeavoured to make oil and water mix in this unpleasant fashion, and wait for developments to enlighten us.

But we were no nearer a solution, when, four days after the arrival of the majority of the guests at the Abbey, it was sprung upon us that the climax of the singular mix-up had not been reached. The surprise came at the breakfast-table, after the opening of the post-bag, when all were busy reading their letters. Sir Walter Bridgecourt, with old-fashioned courtesy, had put aside most of his own correspondence for perusal afterwards, but he had broken the seal of one letter, and from this he presently looked up, clearing his throat as though to make an announcement.

"We—er—shall have—er—an addition to our pleasant company tonight. I have here a note from the Duke of St. Ives," Sir Walter said, "accepting an invitation which I sent him to run down and spend the week-end. He will be here in time for dinner. I shall motor to the station and fetch his Grace myself."

Now the Duke of St. Ives was, next to his Majesty the King, one of the most important personages in the realm. A nobleman of ancient lineage and enormous possessions, he was at the head of one of the great parties in the State, and, though not at present in office, had been several times Prime Minister, with every prospect of returning to power after the next general election. He was an aristocrat of the aristocrats, not personally popular by reason of his haughty aloofness. In ordinary circumstances it would have been a condescension for him to stay with a mere baronet like Sir Walter, but that he should have been asked to join a gathering which included the egregious Beaumgartners and their parasite Shafter was a supreme paradox passing all understanding.

An awed silence followed the announcement, broken at length by Senator Beaumgartner with the remark—

"Lor' sakes alive! Maisie, gal, you'll have to put on your best bib and tucker to captivate this top-sawyer."

Glancing at the girl, I was astonished to see that she was looking down at her plate, bridling and blushing, and that for once in her life she was without a pert reply. I thought I caught a furtive twist of her fine eyes in the direction of Mr. Felix Shafter, and to him I transferred my attention. His face was a mask of insolent unconcern, which he almost immediately emphasised by saying—

"Well, I guess I ain't taking any dukes. I've just had a letter calling me to go up today and see a man in the City of London about a block of shares in our little combine. I reckon I shan't get through with him in time to return before Monday."

An audible sigh of relief fluttered round the table. The number of the "undesirables" would at any rate be reduced by one, and with good luck the Beaumgartners might be overawed into comparative obscurity by the presence of the great statesman. The Senator's "Lor' sakes alive" showed that he was duly impressed by the fact of the forthcoming arrival of such a towering personality.

Strolling about the grounds after breakfast, the English guests gave free rein to discussion of the situation. Some of them clustered round me, as an intimate of our host, and tried to

pump me as to the meaning of it all. I think that they hardly believed me when I professed myself as much in the dark as themselves, and they turned with avidity to Roger Dalrymple, the rising young member for a northern borough, when he professed to have solved the mystery of the Duke's acceptance of the invitation.

"I didn't say he had been asked to meet the Beaumgartners," Mr. Balrymple protested to his eager questioners; "I said I could guess at the reason for his Grace joining this—shall we call it? —menagerie."

"They are going to rope him in as a director of the Pulp Trust?" hazarded a flippant youth in the Guards.

"I repeat," insisted Mr. Dalrymple, with the severity of the new-fledged Parliamentarian, "that in my judgment our American guests have nothing whatever to do with the matter. You, Mr. Jerrold, who observe everything and everybody, must have noticed that nice-looking young fellow who dined with us last night—Rayne Linscott, the son of the vicar of the parish?"

I admitted that I had noticed Mr. Rayne Linscott, and, pointing across the lawn, I drew the attention of those around me to a clean-built man in white flannels, carrying a tennis racquet, who had just joined a tall and strikingly pretty girl armed with a like implement.

"There he is, with Evelyn Carthew," I said. "He has just come into the grounds—probably as the result of an overnight appointment."

Dalrymple nodded. "Probably," he assented. "Rayne Linscott is amusing himself just now, but he has his serious moments—very serious moments indeed. I, as you know, am on the same side in politics as the Duke of St. Ives, and I can tell you that that young gentleman is a thorn in our flesh. Though not more than a year down from Oxford, he is to be labelled distinctly dangerous—owing to the hold he has got on the masses of the unemployed. Mild-mannered youngster as he looks in private life, he is popularly supposed to be an eloquent champion of the doctrine of physical force."

"And you think that St. Ives is coming down here, by collusion with our host, to try to extinguish the firebrand?" I said rather incredulously; for it seemed preposterous that a statesman of the Duke's calibre should attach importance to the vapourings of the nice-looking boy in the immaculate flannels. The only thing that lent colour to the theory was the well-known proneness of the Duke to Machiavelian ways, and to a certain sardonic humor. His Grace, if I had diagnosed him truly, was just the man to suspect that juvenile precocity, such as that attributed to Rayne Linscott, would bow the knee when face to face with prestige, however loudly he might have barked from a distance.

But the member of Parliament stuck to his guns, and in doing so delivered himself of a pronouncement which was to bear fruit later in the day.

"That is exactly what I do think," he replied gravely. "Mr. Rayne Linscott was reported as having said at a Hyde Park meeting that he did not regard political assassination as a crime. Very likely he didn't mean it, but our revered chief does not spare himself, and the silencing of such noxious propaganda is the very thing to appeal to him. If his Grace does not succeed it is possible that you may have to deal with young Linscott professionally before long, Mr. Jerrold."

I never encourage references to my practice at the Bar, and, changing the subject somewhat curtly, I walked away to reflect on what I had heard. In crossing the carriage-drive on my way to the shrubbery I drew back while one of Bridgecourt's motor-cars whirled past. The only occupant besides the chauffeur was Mr. Felix

Shafter, presumably on his way to the railway station to keep his business appointment in London. In the seclusion of the shrubbery walk, I tried to adapt Dalrymple's suggested motive of the Duke's week-end visit—not with entire success.

It had been no news to me that young Linscott had embarked on the stormy sea of agitation, but after a careful study of him on the previous night I had formed the opinion that his Hyde Park escapades were the mere blowing off of youthful steam. To take him too seriously, I felt sure, would be a mistake which the Duke of St. Ives was far too astute to commit. And, if I myself did not greatly err, he was in a fair way to have his comb cut far more effectually than by flattering him with a tribute to his own importance. Evelyn Carthew, the tall girl with the tennis racquet, who was staying at the Abbey, was the sister of an old Oxford chum of Linscott's, and they were evidently renewing an existing intimacy with zest. They had looked at each other with lovers' eyes, and Rayne Linscott could hardly be such a fool as to aspire to the Honourable Evelyn Carthew, daughter of Lord Bessfield, if he meant to go on as he had begun.

For, otherwise, a match between the pair would be quite in the order of things, Rayne's father, the vicar, being a clergyman of good family and very large private means.

So, on the whole, I was inclined to discard the young gentleman as a factor in the situation, and to revert to the presence of the Beaumgartners as the underlying cause. It is, of course, an axiom in my profession that when two abnormal incidents occur in the same sphere a connection between them should be suspected. That the American plutocrats should be received at Bridgecourt Abbey was quite an abnormal incident; that the Duke of St. Ives should be invited there simultaneously was almost incredibly abnormal. Therefore, I argued, the explanation of the one marvel would be found to be contained in that of the other.

So I decided to leave it at that, and for the remainder of the autumn day I gave myself up to the enjoyment of Bridgecourt's princely hospitality. I did not see Sir Walter alone; even if I had had the opportunity I should not have returned to a subject which was clearly embarrassing to him. A lifelong friendship, to say nothing of the duties of a guest, forbade anything of the kind.

I happened to be in the great entrance-hall when he passed through to go to the forty horse-power car which was waiting to take him to the station to fetch the Duke. The twilight was only relieved by the flickering wood fires in the huge open hearths, but I thought that my old friend looked depressed and pre-occupied, as though his errand were distasteful to him.

From the Abbey to Stenwade station was nearly four miles—a distance not worth thinking of in connection with the great automobile, which, if the train was punctual, might be expected back in something under the half-hour. As the time approached the electric light was switched on, and most of the house-party gathered in the hall, eager to witness the great man's arrival. The Beaumgartners—father, mother, and daughter—with studied carelessness took up a position near the front door, and conversed in loud tones about the numerous titles of the Duke, his decorations, his many castles, and the acreage of the latter. It was obvious that they had been diligent students of every possible work of reference on the subject.

"I'll bet you a sovereign the fair Maisie means to have a shy for his Grace," the frivolous guardsman whispered in my ear. "The old boy is

a bachelor, and they're simply gorged with Debrett as to him."

I made no reply, for the hum of the car was heard as it rushed up the drive, and a moment later it snorted to a standstill, like a fiery dragon, under the portico. Sir Walter Bridgecourt's high-pitched well-bred voice reached us, saying—

"Take my hand, your Grace, and let me help you out. You are not familiar with the step."

There followed hushed expectancy in the hall and an intense silence outside. The courteous reply we were all listening for did not come, but after a wondering pause we heard an exclamation of alarm, and then our host stood framed in the doorway—a trembling and pathetic figure.

"I fear the Duke is ill," he faltered. "I cannot induce him to alight, and he does not speak. Ah! you are there, Marshall. Perhaps you will——"

The eminent Harley Street specialist, who was one of the guests, hastened through the wide portals before the sentence was finished; and then, by one of those swift, subtle gradations through which great disasters are made known, we learned, all in the space of twenty seconds, first that the Duke of St. Ives was dead in the car, then that he had died from a bullet wound, and lastly that he had undoubtedly not died by his own hand.

I chanced to be standing near Senator Hotchkiss Beaumgartner, and a sound in his throat like the cackle of a rattlesnake drew my eyes to him. He was mouthing and gibbering inaudibly at his ineffable wife, while Miss Maisie was changed to a living statue white as Parian marble.

Then, with the privilege of Walter Bridgecourt's oldest friend, I dropped a hint or two, with the result that the hall was quickly cleared of the horror-struck throng, so that the august remains might be borne in.

* * * * * *

Three hours afterwards, in the seclusion of his splendid library, Sir Walter Bridgecourt was repeating the narrative with which he had already puzzled my not inexperienced ears. He had as audience, besides myself, Roger Dalrmyple, by virtue of his position as a member of Parliament, Sir George Marshall, the eminent surgean, and inspector Willard, the able detective, who had been brought as quickly as possible by telephone from Scotland Yard. The inspector and I were old acquaintances at the Central Criminal Court, sometimes as opponents and sometimes as allies, but always with a regard for each other's capabilities.

The story which Sir Walter Bridgecourt had to tell was simple as to facts but alsolutely baffling as to cause. He had met the Duke of St. Ives at Stenwade station, and with his illustrious guest had entered the tonneau of the motor-car, the front seat being occupied only by the chauffeur. The Duke had been in the best of spirits at first, chatting affably with his host, and expressing delight at the prospect of the visit. But after the car had been running five or six minutes, while it was climbing a steepish hill at about ten miles an hour, it commenced a series of "miss-fires," the sharp reports precluding further conversation. They very soon ceased, but on Sir Walter again addressing the Duke he met with no reply, and, thinking that his Grace was annoyed by the interruption, he himself remained silent for the rest of the short run. On reaching the Abbey the terrible discovery had been made that for the last two miles he had been sitting beside a dead man.

Inspector Willard shot a glance of inquiry at Sir George Marshall, who nodded. "Yes," said the great surgeon, rising from his seat. "The Duke had not been killed more than a few minutes when I saw him. The bullet was fired from behind, and at fairly close quarters."

"Not near enough for any smoke-discoloration or singeing?" I inquired with intent, for my friend's nervous condition warned me that the question was necessary if he was to be saved from collapse.

"Oh dear no!" Marshall answered, catching my drift as such a man would. "The shot must have been fired from six or seven yards off—at least."

"Then that absolves me from having murdered my guest," Sir Walter was beginning with pitiable emotion, when the inspector stopped him with a peremptory: "Come, sir ,control yourself! You have been through a nasty ordeal, but nobody blames you."

The reproof acted like a douche of cold water flung in the face of an hysterical woman, and for half a minute there was silence. I knew Willard so well that I was content to leave to him the next move, wondering whether he would agree with the theory which I had formed as to how the shot was fired. When he spoke it appeared that he did.

"The Duke of St. Ives must have been shot from another car," he said quietly. "It must have crept up behind close enough for the murderer to make sure of his victim. A very silent and very fast car must have been selected for the purpose. May I ask, Sir Walter, if the car you were in is in the habit of miss-firing?"

"Yes, it frequently does when going uphill," was the reply.

"Then probably the assassin was aware of that fault and chose the scene of his crime accordingly," the inspector proceeded. "He must have relied on your confusing the report of his pistol with the similar sounds your car was making. Can any of you gentlemen staying in the house make a suggestion as to some person having the requisite knowledge, combined with a motive?"

Before I could stop him Roger Dalrymple was pouring forth his suspicions of Rayne Linscott, mentioning the hot-headed young fellow's public utterances, with which Willard was already familiar. Sir Walter feebly protested that he was certain that Rayne's speeches were all froth, and that he was innocent, but Willard shut his note-book with a snap and moved towards the door.

"I'll go over to the vicarage at once and get Mr. Linscott to account for his movements this evening," he said briskly. "And you, sergeant, had better take some of your men and see if you can trace the second car. It must have backed and turned after the shot was fired, and the roads are dusty enough to show the wheel tracks."

I followed the police officers out into the hall and laid a detaining hand on Willard's arm.

"You'll do no harm in questioning young Linscott, so long as you don't arrest him on suspicion," I whispered. "Mr. Dalrymple is a well-meaning ass and has put you on a wrong scent. I don't know the right one yet, but I shall—if you come back in an hour."

The inspector regarded me with a countenance that was grim at first, but which broadened into a friendly smile. "I'd rather take a hint from you than anyone, Mr. Jerrold," he said. "But why, if he isn't the pea under the thimble, should I worry this young gentleman at all?"

"Because it will be a lesson to him, and also because it will keep you out of the way while I pursue certain inquiries here," I replied. "See here, Willard," I dropped my voice lower still, "I have been living for four days in the heart of the mystery that culminated tonight, and I think I can solve it."

"That's good enough for me, sir," the inspector replied. "How about the sergeant tracing the second car?"

"By all means let him go on," I said. "It will be most important when you

come to follow the clue I hope to hand over to you."

They went their way, and I retired into the library, where Dalrymple was holding Marshall in animated discussion, but at a sign from me the surgeon took the voluble M.P. out of the room and left me alone with Sir Walter. My old friend seemed overwhelmed, not to say dazed, by the tragedy.

"Look here, Bridgecourt," I began sternly. "You know as well as I do that St. Ives wasn't killed by that rash boy, though unless you speak up it may go hard with him. Your duty is to the living, and not to the dead. Just answer me a few questions. The Duke really invited himself to stay with you, didn't he?"

"He asked me to send him an invitation," came the admission.

"And was Senator eBaumgartner also a self-invited guest?"

"Certainly not; I asked him in the ordinary way."

"On your own initiative?" I snapped out in my best New Bailey manner. In my desire, for his own good, to force my kindly but foolish friend to full confession, I was only sorry that I could not use the stereotyped formula: "On your oath, sir!"

The touch of professional bluster bore instant fruit. Bridgecourt passed his hand across his eyes, then glanced up at me and caved in.

"No," he replied. "Not on my own initiative, thank God! You carry too many guns for me, Jerrold, and you may as well have it first as last. St. Ives persuaded me to ask the Beaumgartners as well as himself. Goodness knows what midsummer madness had got the poor fellow, but he was just crazy to meet Miss Beaumgartner and offer her marriage. He had seen her at the opera, and couldn't get introduced any other way."

Having got what I wanted, I relaxed my professional manner. "My dear old Walter, you are suffering the fate of all go-betweens," I said, "though you will come out of this with cleaner hands than most who lend themselves to such perilous business. Only one more question. Was the Beaumgartner gang aware of all this?"

"Yes, I had to tell the Senator, to induce him to come to what he was pleased to term 'a dull hole' like the Abbey," was the reply which I was glad to note was flung out with indignation. "I dare say you have observed that they were as cock-a-hoop as a pack of monkeys in a nut grove?"

"That and more has come under my observation," I answered drily; and I urged my friend to go straight to bed and leave the matter to me, unless he felt equal to joining his guests in the drawing-room. It had been too late for them to leave that night, though of course, after what had happened, there would be a general exodus in the morning. To my satisfaction he elected to retire to his own room, so that I had Inspector Willard to myself when he returned. The detective had assured himself that Rayne Linscott had been more pleasantly engaged than in murdering a distinguished statesman.

"I found him spooning in the vicarage garden with a young lady named Carthew—the Honourable Evelyn Carthew," said the detective. "A bit of a caution, that girl. She properly rated him for laying himself open to suspicion by his fool-talk, and then she proceeded to whitewash him with a complete *alibi* which I have no reason to doubt. At half-past six, she unblushingly avowed they had been doing precisely what I caught them at four hours later—spooning in the vicarage garden. And what luck came your way, sir?"

"First tell me, is there any news from the sergeant?" I asked.

There was news of the soundest, it appeared. The local men had found the marks of the second car, conclu-

sively proving Willard's theory. But, over and beyond this, a smart constable on a bicycle had tracked the car to the "Angel" at Guildford, where it had stopped ten minutes after the commission of the crime. The solitary occupant had gone in for a drink, and, though he had worn a mask and goggles, the waiter could swear by his accent that he was an American. The ostler, too, who minded the car while the driver was in the hotel, had noticed the private mark on it of a well-known garage in Pimlico, and further he believed that he had had the same car through his hands before. It was of great power, and had the appearance of being let out on hire.

"Now, Mr. Jerrold," concluded the inspector, "it remains for you to put a name to the man who drove it?"

"I can do that with confidence," I replied. "I will eat my wig and gown if he doesn't turn out to be a Mr. Felix Shafter, who has been staying at the Abbey, but who went up to London this morning. He should be found at the Hotel Colossus in Piccadilly."

Willard cocked his eye at me. "The joker won't be found at the Colossus," he rejoined naively. "Shafter isn't the name he gave, but I'll lay odds you haven't made a mistake, Mr. Jerrold, any more than we have."

"What! You've pinched him?" I cried.

"Safe as houses. I got on to the telephone at the 'Bridgecourt Arms' just as an off chance of heading him off when he returned the car to the garage, and sure as eggs the fellow had played the fool on the road, stopping for drinks here and there, and our people were waiting for him when he brought the car in."

"Smart work," said I; "but you might have a difficulty in fitting him with a motive. It's a case of jealousy, Willard—not so much on account of the charms of his fair enslaver as of her father's money-bags."

And so it was proved at the trial which sent Felix Shafter to a righteous doom. Hanger-on and jackal of the pulp magnate, he had conceived the ambition of marrying Maisie, and, finding the rich prize likely to elude his grasp owing to the intervention of the Duke, he had plotted to remove his rival. Not for nothing had he, while staying at the Abbey, made himself familiar with Rayne Linscott's revolutionary proclivities. When his conviction was beyond doubt he cynically admitted that he had intended his crime to be attributed to that loose-tongued orator.

It required a little *finesse* to keep Sir Walter Bridgecourt's name out of the business as the intermediary of St. Ives; but fortunately Shafter had not been enlightened by Hotchkiss Beaumgartner as to the part played by my weak old friend. And with equal good fortune Beaumgartner's pride of wealth kept him silent in the witness-box about the reason—I had almost said the excuse—tendered by Sir Walter for inviting him and his pack, on the strength of the slenderest acquaintance, to stay at the Abbey.

I have not seen Rayne Linscott again, but I see by the papers that he and his wife are shining lights of the Primrose League.

MISCELLANEOUS

A New Story of Daniel Boone.

IN the two-volume work, "Audubon and his Journals," is the following incident related by the famous ornithologist, who knew the American forest almost as well as the Red Men themselves, and who personally knew the heroic pioneer, Daniel Boone.

Daniel Boone, or, as he was usually called in the Western country, Colonel Boone, happened to spend a night with me under the same roof, more than twenty years ago. We had returned from a shooting excursion, in the course of which his extraordinary skill in the management of the rifle had been fully displayed. On retiring to the room appropriated to that remarkable individual and myself for the night, I felt anxious to know more of his adventures and exploits than I did, and accordingly took the liberty of proposing numerous questions to him. The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the Western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise and perseverance; and when he spoke, the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true. I undressed, whilst he merely took off his hunting shirt, and arranged a few folds of blankets on the floor, choosing rather to lie there, as he observed, than on the softest bed. When we had both disposed of ourselves, each after his own fashion, he related to me the following account of his powers of memory, which I lay before you, kind reader, in his own words, hoping that the simplicity of his style may prove interesting to you.

"I was once," said he, "on a hunting expedition on the banks of the Green River, when the lower parts of this State (Kentucky) were still in the hands of nature, and none but the sons of the soil were looked upon as its lawful proprietors. We Virginians had for some time been waging a war of intrusion upon them, and I, amongst the rest, rambled through the woods in pursuit of their race as I now would follow the tracks of any ravenous animal. The Indians outwitted me one dark night, and I was as unexpectedly as suddenly made a prisoner by them. The trick had been managed with great skill; for no sooner had I extinguished the fire of my camp, and laid me down to rest, in full security, as I thought, than I felt myself seized by an indistinguishable number of hands, and was immediately pinioned ,as if about to be led to the scaffold for execution. To have attempted to be refractory would have proved useless and dangerous to my life; and I suffered myself to be removed from my camp to their's, a few miles distant, without uttering even a word of complaint. You are aware, I dare say, that to act in this manner was the best policy, as you understand that, by so doing, I proved to the Indians at once that I was born and bred as fearless of death as any of themselves.

"When we reached the camp, great rejoicings were exhibited. Two squaws and a few papooses appeared particularly delighted at the sight of me, and I was assured, by very unequivocal gestures and words, that, on the morrow, the mortal enemy of the Red-skins would cease to live. I never opened my lips, but was busy contriving some

scheme which might enable me to give the rascals the slip before dawn. The women immediately fell a searching about my hunting shirt for whatever they might think valuable, and fortunately for me, soon found my flask filled with *monongahela*, (that is, reader, strong whiskey.) A terrific grin was exhibited on their murderous countenances, while my heart throbbed with joy at the anticipation of their intoxication. The crew immediately began to beat their bellies and sing, as they passed the bottle from mouth to mouth. How often did I wish that flask ten times its size, and filled with aqua-fortis! I observed that the squaws drank more freely than the warriors, and again my spirits were about to be depressed, when the report of a gun was heard at a distance. The Indians all jumped on their feet. The singing and drinking were both brought to a stand, and I saw, with inexpressable joy, the men walk off to some distance and talk to the squaws. I knew that they were consulting about me, and I foresaw that in a few moments the warriors would go to discover the cause of the gun having been fired so near their camp. I expected that the squaws would be left to guard me. Well sir, it was just so. They returned; the men took up their guns and walked away. The squaws sat down again, and in less than five minutes, had my bottle up to their dirty mouths, gurgling down their throats the remains of the whiskey.

"With what pleasure did I see them becoming more and more drunk, until the liquor took such hold of them that it was quite impossible for these women to be of any service. They tumbled down, rolled about, and began to snore; when I, having no other chance of freeing myself from the cords that fastened me, rolled over and over towards the fire, and, after a short time, burned them asunder. I rose on my feet, stretched my stiffened sinews, snatched up my rifle, and, for once in my life, spared that of Indians. I now recollect how desirous I once or twice felt to lay open the skulls of the wretches with my tomahawk; but when I again thought upon killing beings unprepared and unable to defend themselves, it looked like murder without need, and I gave up the idea.

"But, sir, I felt determined to mark the spot, and walking to a thrifty ash sapling, I cut out of it three large chips, and ran off. I soon reached the river, soon crossed it, and threw myself deep into the cane-breaks, imitating the tracks of an Indian with my feet, so that no chance might be left for those from whom I had escaped, to overtake me.

"It is now nearly twenty years since this happened, and more than five since I left the Whites' settlements, which I might probably never have visited again had I not been called on as a witness in a law-suit that was pending in Kentucky, and which I really believe would never have been settled had I not come forward and established the beginning of a certain boundary line. This is the story, sir.

"Mr. ——— moved from Old Virginia into Kentucky, and having a large tract granted him in the new State, laid claim to a certain parcel of land adjoining Green River, and, as chance would have it, took for one of his corners the very ash tree on which I had made my mark, and finished his survey of some thousands of acres, beginning, as it is expressed in the deed, 'at an ash marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk of a white man.'

"The tree had grown much, and the bark had covered the marks, but somehow or other, Mr. ——— heard from some one all that I have already told you, and thinking I might remember the spot alluded to in the deed, but which was no longer discoverable, wrote for me to come and try at least

to find the place or the tree. His letter mentioned that all my expenses should be paid, and not caring much about once more going back to Kentucky, I started, and met Mr. ———. After some conversation, the affair with the Indians came to my recollection. I considered for a while, and began to think that after all I could find the very spot, as well as the tree if it was yet standing.

"Mr. ——— and I mounted our horses, and off we went to the Green River bottoms. After some difficulties, for, you must be aware sir, that great changes have taken place in those woods, I found at last the spot where I had crossed the river, and, waiting for the moon to rise, made for the course in which I thought the ash-tree grew. On approaching the place, I felt as if the Indians were there still, and as if I still was a prisoner among them. Mr. ——— and I camped near what I conceived the spot, and waited until the return of day.

"At the rising of the sun I was on foot, and, after a good deal of musing, thought that an ash tree then in sight must be the very one on which I had made my mark. I felt as though there could be no doubt of it, and mentioned my thought to Mr. ———. 'Well, Colonel Boone,' said he, 'if you think so I hope it may prove true, but we must have some witnesses; do you stay hereabout, and I will go and bring some of the settlers whom I know.' I agreed. Mr. ——— trotted off, and I, to pass the time, rambled about to see if a deer was still liviing in the land. But ah! sir, what a wonderful difference thirty years makes in a country! Why, at the time when I was caught by the Indians, you would not have walked out in any direction for more than a mile without shooting a buck or a bear. There were then thousands of buffaloes in the hills in Kentucky; the land looked as if it never would become poor; and to hunt in those days was a pleasure indeed. But when I was left to myself on the banks of Green River, I dare say for the last time in my life, a few signs only of deer were to be seen, and as to a deer itself, I saw none.

"Mr. ——— returned, accompanied by three gentlemen. They looked upon me as though I had been Washington himself, and walked to the ash tree, which I now called my own, as if in quest of a long-lost treasure. I took an axe from one of them, and cut a few chips off the bark. Still no signs were to be seen. So I cut again until I thought it was time to be cautious, and I scraped and worked away with my butcher knife until I *did* come to where my tomahawk had left an impression in the wood. We now went regularly to work, and scraped at the tree with care, until three hacks as plain as any three notches ever were, could be seen. Mr. ——— and the other gentlemen were astonished, and, I must allow, I was as much surprised as pleased myself. I made affidavit of this remarkable occurrence in the presence of these gentlemen. Mr. ——— gained his case. I left Green River forever, and came to where we now are; and sir, I wish you a good night."

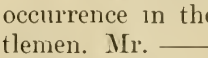


Table Manners Long, Long Ago.

Fifty Courtesies at the Table. That is the title of a curious old manuscript of the thirteenth century to be found among the numberless rolls of yellowed and shriveled parchments which constitute the great wealth of the Ambrosian library at Milan. It is written in verse by one Fra Bonvesin, who apepars to have been an arbiter of good manners to the public of six centuries ago, and who has not been essentially improved upon by the numerous writers on etiquette of more recent years. Fra Bonvesin seems not only to have possessed pretty good sense regarding the cardinal points of refined table manners, but also to have had the appreciation of the more delicate touches of good breeding and gen-

tility worthy of my Lord Chesterfield himself. "If you sprinkle water on the hands, do so gracefully, and see that they are not unclean," is his first injunction.

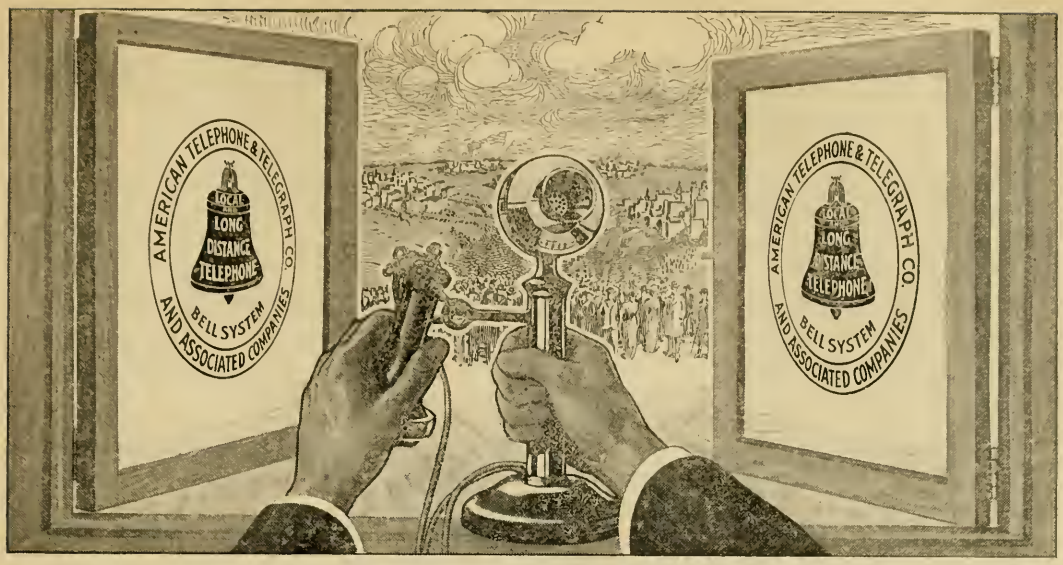
It can do no harm to repeat some of the worthy monk's admonitions, for they are not only of interest as throwing light on the civilization and customs of the time, but the greater number of them might be pasted in every man's hat with advantage to the wearer, provided he would look at them occasionally—for almost every one has at least read or been told of what good manners are. The practice of them is what is lacking. After impressing on his readers the necessity of cleanliness in personal appearance at table, he continues: "Do not be in too great a hurry to take your seat at table before being invited; if you should find your place occupied do not make any disturbance about the matter, but politely yield." The Tubingen school, the Renans, and the Ingersolls had not yet unsettled the popular mind on certain important questions, and the necessity of saying grace was of more consequence in Fra Bonvesin's day than it might be considered now. One is particularly warned not to neglect saying grace. "It is, to the extreme, gluttonous and vile, and showing great contempt of the Lord, to think of eating before having asked His blessing."

This over, one is admonished "to sit decently at the table, not with the legs crossed or the elbows on the board." "Do not"—mark this, you representative from the rural districts, you business-man with but a few moments to spare for your lunch, you well-gorged patrons of high-priced restaurants, mark this—"do not fill your mouth too full; the glutton who fills his mouth will not be able to reply when spoken to." And elsewhere the careful brother utters an especial warning against the breach of good manners in eating noisily. Evidently the worthy frater thought little of the table-talk of that day, for his next recommendation savors strongly of the homely but expressive mandate of our grandparents: "Let yourr victuals stop your mouth." Fra Bonvesin's version is: "When eating speak little, because in talking, one's food is apt to drop or be spluttered." "When thirsty, swallow your food before drinking." Excellent hygiene, as well as good manners.

In that early time dinner services were not as complete as in later periods. Each guest was supposed to bring with him his own knife and spoon, as will be seen further on, and there was but one drinking cup for the whole company. The following admonitions as to the use of this cup are of interest:

"Do not dirty the cup in drinking; take it with both hands firmly, so as not to spill the wine. If not wishing to drink and your neighbor has dirted the cup, wipe it before passing it on." The fourteenth courtesy is admirable, and not only admirable but applicable to many of the diners-out of the present and to all those amiable people whose conviviality is in excess of their discretion: "Beware of taking too much wine, even if it be good, for he offends trebly who does so against his body and his soul, while the wine he consumes is wasted." Prudent old Fra Vonvesin ! "If any one arrives during the meal not to rise but to continue eating." The sixteenth courtesy is one particularly significant for the present, as in it those who take soup are counseled not to "swallow their spoons," and are further advised to "correct themselves of this bad habit as soon as possible." "If you sneeze or cough, cover your mouth, and above all, turn away from the table."

The next courtesy has the true Chesterfieldian stamp: "Good manners demand that one should partake, however little, of whatever is offered—if, that is, one is in good health. Do not criticise the food, or say: 'This is badly cooked or too salt.' Attend to your



The Telephone Doors of the Nation

WHEN you lift the Bell Telephone receiver from the hook, the doors of the nation open for you.

Wherever you may be, a multitude is within reach of your voice. As easily as you talk across the room, you can send your thoughts and words, through the open doors of Bell Service, into near-by and far-off states and communities.

At any hour of the day or night, you can talk instantly, directly with whom you choose, one mile, or a hundred, or two thousand miles away.

This is possible because 7,500,000 telephones, in every part of our country, are connected and work together in the Bell System to promote the interests of the people within the community and beyond its limits.

It is the duty of the Bell System to make its service universal, giving to everyone the same privilege of talking anywhere at any time.

Because as the facilities for direct communication are extended, the people of our country are drawn closer together, and national welfare and contentment are promoted.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

own plate, and not that of others. Do not mix together on your plate all sorts of viands, meat and egg; it may disgust your neighbor. Do not eat coarsely or vulgarly, and, if you have to share your bread with any one, cut it neatly if you do not wish to be ill-bred. Do not soak your bread in your wine, for," says the frater, "if any one should dine with me and thus fish up his victuals, I should not like it." "If with ladies, carve first for them—to them the men should do honor. Always remember if a friend be dining with one to help him to the choicest parts. Do not"—and how very thoughtful and sensible this advice—"do not, however, press your friend too warmly to eat or drink, but receive him well and give him good cheer." "When dining with any great man cease eating while he is drinking, and do not drink at the same time as he. When sitting next to a bishop do not drink till he drinks, nor rise till he rises." "Let those who serve be clean, and let the servant be free from any smell which might give a nausea to those eating."

An admonition that will commend itself to all good housekeepers is not to "wipe one's fingers with the tablecloth. Let the hands be clean, and, above all, do not at table scratch your head, nor, indeed, any portion of your body. Do not, while eating, fondle dogs or cats or other pets. It is not right to touch animals with hands which touch the food. When eating do not pick your teeth with your fingers. Do not lick your fingers, which is very ugly and ill-bred, for fingers which are greasy are not clean, but dirty." "Do not trouble your neighbor with questions; if you require anything from him," says the polite monk, "wait till he has finished eating. Do not tell at table doleful tales, nor eat with a morose or melancholy air, but take care your words are cheery. When at table avoid wrangling and noisy disputes, but if one should transgress in this manner, pass it over until later —do not makes a disturbance. If you feel unwell at table repress any expression of pain, and do not show suffering, which would inconvenience those at table. If you happen to see anything in the food which is disagreeable do not refer to it. If it is a fly or other matter say nothing about it."

"In handling your bowl or plate at table place your thumb only on the edge. Do not bring with you to table too many knives and spoons; there is a mean. If your bowl or plate is taken away to be refilled do not send up your spoon with it. To all these matters pay attention in eating; do not put too much upon your spoon at one time, for not only will you give much embarrassment to your stomach, but you will by eating too quickly offend those sitting near. If your friend is with you at table, be cheerful and continue to eat while he eats, even if you should have had enough before he has finished; he might otherwise out of shame stop before his hunger was satisfied." Easily it is to be seen that courtesy is based on kindliness of heart and is not a mere conformity to a code of arbitrary rules concocted by some who would be exclusive. Fra Bonvesin's courtesies are all essentially applicable to all time and in all places where the amenities of life are observer, the only exception being in such instances where an advanced civilization is found in the forty-eighth courtesy, though its precept is closely allied to the preceding: "When eating with others do not sheath your knife before every one else at table has done the same. When you have eaten, praise Jesus Christ for receiving His blessings; ungrateful, indeed, is he who neglects his duty." An admonition that will more readily commend itself to many worthy people is part of the fiftieth and last courtesy in this series of wise counsels: "Wash well your hands and drink good wine."

DIAMONDS-WATCHES ON CREDIT

SEND FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF THIS CHRISTMAS CATALOG

The world's greatest Money-Saving Catalog of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Siverwear **on credit.** Front cover by a famous American artist, made in oil and reproduced in all the rich brilliant colors of the original painting. More than 100 pages of bargains. You can fill your entire list of Christmas presents from this Catalog and have everything charged in one account. Send for your **FREE** copy today.

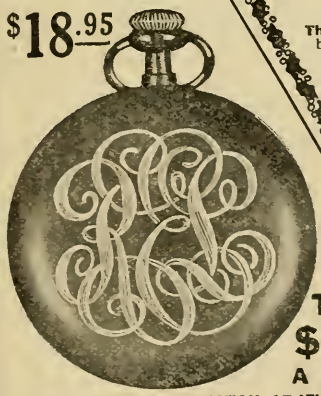
A more beautiful and interesting Jewelry Catalog has never before been published. Everything new and fashionable—the latest creations of the jeweler's art. Over 2,000 suggestions for Christmas Gifts, on convenient credit terms. Let us send you a beautiful Diamond, Watch, or other Jewelry for your examination and approval before paying one penny. We pay all mail or express charges and guarantee satisfaction.

This handsome 100-page Illustrated Catalog is brim full of suggestions for Christmas Presents, as well as for personal wear. All the new, popular styles in Jewelry,—gorgeously beautiful Diamonds, artistic solid gold and platinum mountings—exquisite things—ideal gifts—that sell in some cash stores at double our prices. Select anything desired and let us **send it to you on approval.** If satisfactory, send us one-fifth of purchase price as first payment, balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Bargains in Watches.

Send for Catalog

FOR *HIS* Christmas Present

$18.95



Terms $2.00 A MONTH

12 SIZE, THIN MODEL WATCH, 17 JEWELS, ADJUSTED

Illinois, Elgin, Waltham or **Hampden** movement. Warranted accurate. Finest gold strata case, guaranteed 25 years; artistically engraved, engine turned, plain polished or your monogram engraved **FREE.** Eighty per cent of all men's watches sold today are these neat open face Thin Models. Special Sale price $18.95. Greatest bargain ever offered.

SENT ALL DELIVERY CHARGES PREPAID ON
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
THEN $2.00 A MONTH If not satisfactory return at our expense.

Why pay cash for your **Christmas Presents,** when you can make all your selections from our **Christmas Catalog** and pay in small amounts each month? In this way you can make handsome and appropriate gifts with a very little ready money. Bargains in Diamond Rings, Brooches, Studs, Scarf Pins, Ear Screws, Pendants, Lockets, LaVallieres, Neck Chains, Bracelets, Cuff Links, Watches, Charms, Emblems, Bar Pins, Watch Chains, Coat Chains, Seal Rings, Mesh Bags, Novelties, Silverware, etc., in endless variety and at a range in prices to suit every purse.

FOR *HER* Christmas Present

$50

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL

THE LOFTIS "PERFECTION" DIAMOND RING is our great special. It stands alone as the most perfect Diamond Ring ever produced. Only the finest quality pure white diamonds, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy, are used. Skillfully mounted in our famous Loftis "Perfection" 14k solid gold 6-prong ring, which possesses every line of delicate grace and beauty. Cased in velvet ring box ready for presentation.

SPECIAL PRICE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS $50
CREDIT TERMS: $5 PER MONTH

Our large handsome Catalog shows the Loftis "Perfection" Diamond Ring in many different sizes and prices. Also all other new, fashionable mountings. Send for Catalog. It is Free

Our prices are 10 to 15 per cent lower than those of the ordinary cash retail jeweler. We give better values and easier terms than any house in America. We are the oldest and largest Diamond and Watch Credit House in the world. Our Guarantee Certificate, given with every Diamond we sell, is the broadest and strongest ever issued by a responsible house.

Est'd 1858
55 YEARS OF SUCCESS

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Diamonds, Watches, etc.
Dept. G 987. 100 to 108 N. State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

STORES IN
Pittsburgh
St. Louis
Omaha

A Thorough Study of Foreign Missions

This is a most important subject. It involves questions of statesmanship, as well as religion.

The Roman Catholics are encouraging Protestants to concentrate their attention on foreign countries, while the Romanists are concentrating on the United States.

The Protestants are walking right into the trap.

Mr. Watson is appealing to Protestant churches to save America from the wolves of Rome.

His book contains 158 pages.

It is beautifully printed, on excellent paper.

It is profusely illustrated.

The price is 30 cents. We send it post-paid.

Address

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

THOMSON, GEORGIA

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My special offer to introduce my magazine "INVESTING FOR PROFIT." It is worth $10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the REAL earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, CAN acquire riches. INVESTING FOR PROFIT is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200 Write NOW and I'll send it six months free. H. L. BARBER, 458, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Christmas or New Year Cards
in beautiful handwriting with artistic drawings. 1 dozen 10c, 3 dozen 25c. (Silver or Stamps.) H. WEISS, Dept. G, 9 West 117th St., New York City.

Apple Trees, Apple Trees, Apple Trees.

Yes, we have them, one and two years old, and lots of them. Get busy and plant you an Apple Orchard and have an income that will take care of you in old age.

We grow other things too, such as Peach, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Mulberry, Figs, Nut Trees, Small Fruit Plants, Grapevines, Pomegranates, Shade and Ornamental trees and Shrubs. Excellent line of Roses, Cape Jesamines, Crape Myrtle, Privet and Evergreens.

We have Cabbage Plants all times of the year at $1.50 per thousand. Write for our catalogues of both trees and plants.

THE CURETON NURSERIES.
Box A. Austell, Ga.

Memories of a Veteran of the '60's

One of the truest, most satisfactory and most interesting of the narratives of private soldiers who served throughout the Civil War.

It is a splendid book for boys who want to know the conditions of the country and of a soldier's life at that time.

Cloth bound volume, good-sized print.

PRICE $1.50

ORDER FROM
CAPTAIN I. HERMANN
SANDERSVILLE, GA.

THE LIFE AND TIMES

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

NEW EDITION ILLUSTRATED $2.00, POSTPAID

Travelers in France, who ask for the best one-volume Life of Napoleon, are shown Watson's.

The book has grown steadily in favor among discriminating readers, and it has already gone through nearly a dozen editions.

It has almost displaced every other one-volume biography of the great Emperor.

Mr. Watson has bought out the rights of his original publishers, the Macmillan Co., and his work is now published solely by

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.
THOMSON, - GEORGIA

WATSON'S

WEEKLY JEFFERSONIAN

Is a Fearless, Independent Newspaper, handling all subjects relating to the Political or Religious welfare of our country.-

THOS. E. WATSON, - Editor.

If you want to keep posted on National Politics; if you want to note the trend of the times in a religious sense; if you want to know more about the farce known as "Foreign Missions;" if you want to realize just what the Roman Catholics are doing to gain more strength in this country,

READ

The Weekly Jeffersonian

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

THOMSON, GEORGIA

HANDBOOK

OF

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

Contains platforms of every political party. Filled with valuable data, invaluable to speakers, writers, debaters and students.

FIFTY CENTS, POSTPAID

The ground-work of this volume was laid when Mr. Watson was in Congress, creating the R. F. D.

Its purpose was to furnish a simple explanation of *our money laws and THEIR consequences; our method of Federal taxation and ITS conseqences; our system of granting Special Privileges, and the natural result.*

On practically every subject of importance, relating to party politics, political history, financial legislation and monetary history, economic questions, and statistics covering social and industrial conditions, this book is at once

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA AND A COMMENTARY.

No other volume offers such a variety of such valuable information.

Mr. Watson has recently overhauled it thoroughly, revised it, and added to it much new matter on Economics, Finances, Socialism, the Negro Question and the Roman Catholic menace.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

THOMSON, - GEORGIA

LIFE AND TIMES

OF

ANDREW JACKSON

Illustrated Beautifully Printed

PAPER, $1.00; CLOTH, $1.50, POSTPAID

Supersedes all other biographies of Old Hickory, because it uses material not accessible to any other biographer.

Mr. Watson collected a mass of original documents and data that Parton, Colyar, Sumner, Brown and others had not discovered.

For two years, Mr. Watson labored in getting together his authorities.

This large book treats of—

The Indian Wars.
The War of 1812 and the Battle of New Orleans.
Jackson's Personal Feuds and Fights.
The Aaron Burr Episode.
The Quarrel of Jackson, Crawford and Calhoun.
The Famous War on the Bank.
The Tariff Struggle, and South Carolina's Victory.
The Peggy O'Neal Episode.

All the historic celebrities pass in review—Clay, Webster, Calhoun, John Randolph, Benton, Adams, Crawford, Van Buren, Sam Houston, Gen. Coffee, Davy Crockett, Gen. Sam Dale, John Sevier, etc.

In no other one book can be found the riches of information about American history that are contained in this.

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUB. CO.

THOMSON, - GEORGIA

5,000 Acres Good Land

The property consists of a plantation of about 5,000 acres, 3,500 of which are cleared. **All land smooth and level.**

Situated eighteen miles from Albany, Georgia, county seat of Dougherty; ten miles from Camilla, county seat of Mitchell, and three and one-half miles from Newton, county seat of Baker.

About 2,000 acres in cultivation.

About three miles of wire fenced; other rail fenced.

Scarcely twelve acres of waste land on place.

Flint river is eastern line, and the 3,500 acres of cleared land lie next to the river.

Red clay foundation, with black-gray soil.

One ferry and two boat landings on place.

Boats from Bainbridge to Albany.

Fourteen or fifteen tenant houses on place.

Good soil for cotton, grain, fruits, melons, nuts, etc.

An ideal site for a colony.

Moderate price. Liberal terms.

Correspond with

Thos. E. Watson, Thomson, Ga.

A Brief Survey

OF

Pagan Civilization

OR

Watson's Reply to Windle

Showing how ignorance, degradation and superstition have always flourished under Roman Catholicism. ¶History cannot be denied, and history is quoted to prove the charges made. ¶This book is the outcome of the attack made by Windle on Mr. Watson's book, "The Roman Catholic Hierarchy." ¶The book is now ready for delivery. It is well printed, and bound in substantial paper covers. PRICE 50 CENTS, POSTPAID. Order from

The Jeffersonian Publishing Co., Thomson, Ga.

Horrible Depravity in the Convent

What Goes On Behind the Walls, the Bars and the Grates?

Infanticide and Murder in the Convent

Read a true story of every-day life in the dungeons of Rome, by one of the victims who escaped. Her revelations have been recently corroborated by excavations made in the foundations of her old convent. ***Read it all in***

New Edition **Maria Monk** *Beautifully Printed*

Clear, large type, superior book paper, handsome paper covers

We prepay the postage. Price fifty cents

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO., Thomson, Ga.

A Book of Sketches

By THOS. E. WATSON

This new book covers a wide field of literary research

HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHICAL PERSONAL

Here is a list of the articles which make up the new book:

Contents	Page
Random Reminiscences of Toombs and Stephens	1
The Wise Man Solon and the Silly King Croesus	27
A Gross Insult to the Scotch	38
Robert Toombs: A Life Sketch; Some Anecdotes, and His Last Public Speech	57
The Glory That Was Greece	83
Edgar A. Poe	101
Wit and Humor	105
The Egyptian Sphinx and the Negro	119
The Passing of Lucy and Rollo	160
Concerning Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War	166
The Struggle of Church Against State in France	185
With Brisbane at Delmonico's	196
The Roman Catholic Hierarchy and Politics	216
The Oddities of the Great	231
Pages Lost from a Book	237
Tolstoy and the Land	244
The Stewardship	250
The Reign of the Technicality	254
Concerning Money	260
A Bitter Attack Upon the South	267
"Take the Children"	279
"Where Am I At?"	287
The Man and the Land	290
Is the Study of Latin and Greek Necessary to the Practical Lawyer?	316
As to Orators and Oratory	324
Socialism and One of Its Great Books	327
Common Sense Education	343
Some Aftermath of the Civil War (Stephens, Toombs, Ben Hill, the Ku Klux Klan, the Colquitt Campaign of 1880, Etc.)	349
Teasing a Single Taxer	369
Paper Money and John Law	378
The Dartmouth College Decision	384
Thos. E. Watson's Tribute to the Late Sam Jones on His Fiftieth Birthday	390
Our American Judicial Oligarchy	398

Beautifully Illustrated ***Cloth or Paper***

Paper 75c., Cloth $1.00

The Jeffersonian Publishing Co.

Thomson, - Georgia

DID YOU KNOW that, in England—

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy suppressed the book which informed the people of the lewd, obscene questions which bachelor priests put to women in the privacy of the Confessional Box?

The Romanists not only suppressed the book, but punished the man who published it.

In the State of California, they did the same thing.

They are now trying to repeat the process in the State of Georgia.

You can see for yourself what those questions are by purchasing a copy of Watson's work,

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY

It is published and sold by this Company.

The book is beautifully printed, on good paper, is illustrated with many pictures, is bound substantially in thick paper, and will tell you many things of the papacy which you don't know, and should know.

Price, prepaid, = = = = =	$1.00
Six copies, one order, = =	5.00
A dozen copies, one order, =	9.00

Address

JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

Thomson, - Georgia